

SNAPS

A COMIC WEEKLY OF COMIC STORIES BY COMIC AUTHORS.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 63.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

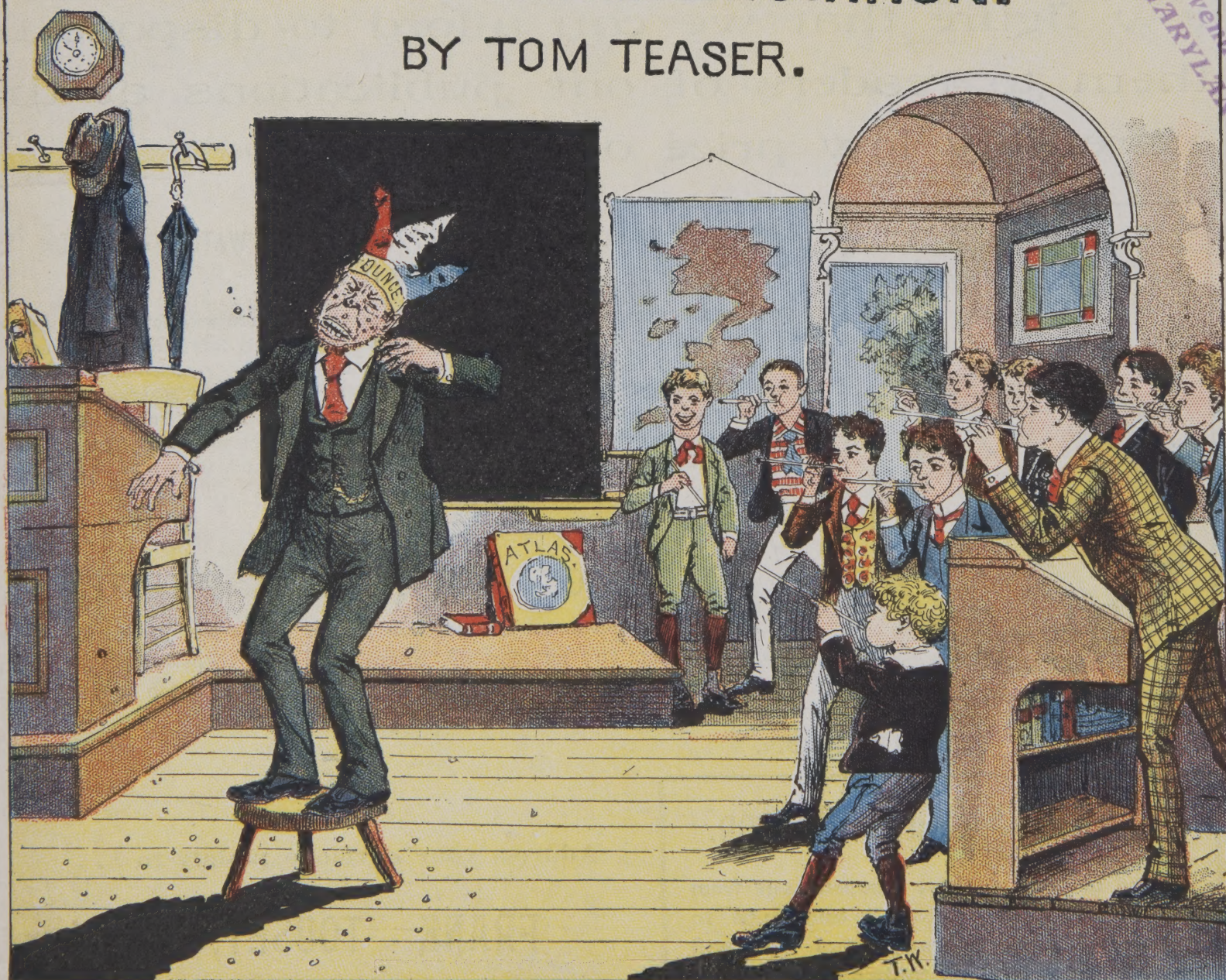
AN OLD BOY.

OR,

MALONEY AFTER EDUCATION.

BY TOM TEASER.

LOUIS H. DAVIDSON,
1817 Clifton Avenue,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.



Hardly had the door closed behind Mr. Castor before the whole class suddenly produced putty-blowers, and with one accord blew at Maloney with active zeal. "Howly smoke!" cried Maloney; "wud yez kill me upon the spot, byes?"

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Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, October 9, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1900, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

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PART I.

"Whist i addity, whist i addity,
Times are moighty hard;
A dollar a day is all our pay,
Beyant on the boulevard."

So sang Tim Maloney, as, with shovel over his shoulder and a tin dinner-can in his hand, he strolled down the boulevard one splendid spring night after his day's work was done, for Tim was a day laborer, a worker upon the "big pipes."

About all of the honors he would have carried off at a beauty show would have been the chairs.

He was about thirty-six, with a burly frame, regular Hibernian features, a head most all bald, except a tuft of hair in the center and a little fringe around the ears, a pug nose, small, blue eyes and a mouth big enough to hold a dozen eggs. A shrubby of whiskers, ran around his face from ear to ear.

Happy as a lord, Tim went whistling on until he came to his hotel.

It was a hotel, for the sign, which was simply a whitewashed board, had written upon it in charcoal letters:

"Mrs. Casey's Fifth Avenue Hotel."

The hotel was merely a big wooden shanty, which had never had a coat of paint since it was built, and possessed a swaying, tottering air, as if it was in doubt at what actual moment it would fall down.

A couple of dozen dirty-faced children were playing in front of it, a family of pigs lay meditating on one side, a belligerent gander, followed by a flock of subservient geese swaggered along on their way to a mud-puddle lake near by, and a goat, perched up on the stoop, was trying his best to eat up part of an old hoop-skirt before some other goat would come along and want to go whack in the precious treasure.

Such was the Fifth Avenue Hotel—Mrs. Casey's one—not the feeble, white-marbled opposition down at Madison Square.

Mrs. Casey stood at the main entrance—a low door through which a six-footer would have to bend his head to pass in if he did not want his brains knocked out.

Mrs. Casey could not be called a belle.

Neither did she look as if she had been cut out of the latest fashion-plate.

Her clothes looked as if they had been shook over her, her arms were red, so was her head, and a peep at the lady's shapely feet, thrust negligently into a pair of carpet-slippers, showed that she scorned such effeminacy as stockings.

Mr. Casey stood near her.

Mr. Casey was a little, scared-looking man, with a general similitude to a pickled bean. Mr. Casey's mission in life appeared to be to act as a butt and an abject slave of his wife.

Maloney saw the couple waiting, evidently, for some one.

A guilty fear seized Maloney.

He was two weeks in debt to Mrs. Casey—no one ever thought of Mr. Casey—and he felt a painful suspicion that he was about to be approached upon the subject.

To his surprise, however, Mrs. Casey, as he drew near, was all smiles.

"Good-evening, Mr. Maloney," said she.

"The same to ye," gallantly answered Maloney. "May the rays av the setting sun iver gild yez beautiful face."

"Ye flatterer," Mrs. Casey said. "Mr. Maloney, wud ye plaze come into the parlor, I have something to say to ye."

"Yis, Mr. Maloney," put in Mr. Casey, "we have something to say to ye."

Mrs. Casey turned savagely.

"If ye don't kape yez mouth shut, Casey, I'll welt ye over the gob," said she.

"Yis, my dear," submissively answered Casey.

They entered the parlor.

Maloney wondered why he was so honored, for the *entree* into Mrs. Casey's parlor was a privilege accorded to but few. It was the first time Maloney had ever been there.

"Take a chair, Mr. Maloney," sweetly invited Mrs. Casey.

"Plaze do," requested Casey.

Mrs. Casey quietly grabbed her husband and jammed him down upon the sofa as if he was a bag of salt.

"If ye put in yez oar again, I will sind ye down in the cellar!" threatened she.

"Certainly, Pauline," acquiesced Casey.

Maloney perched himself upon the extreme edge of one chair and awaited further developments. He could not think, for the life of him, what he had been lugged into the parlor for.

"Mr. Maloney," began Mrs. Casey, "there wur a jintleman here for ye to-day."

"A rale jintleman," assured Casey.

Mrs. Casey glared balefully at the last speaker.

"Be gorra, Casey, another wurrud, and ye go to bed widout supper," promised she.

"Av course, darlint," meekly returned Casey.

"He wur a little, spry man, all dressed in black, wid a gould chain, and an eye loike a hawk. He axed for ye, and I tould him ye wud not be back till noight. Thin he tould me he wur—"

"A lawyer," finished Casey. "He—"

Casey suddenly stopped short.

An enraged shake of the fist on his wife's part caused him to secrete himself in one of the most remote corners of the sofa.

"Yis," went on Mrs. Casey, "as that good-for-nothing bog bug says, he wur a lawyer. And such a noice affable man too, wid a tongue tipped wid blarney. Shure, he wud insist in having a smole av me best whisky, and he said it wur the best that ever he tasted." ("What a liar he must have been," mentally interpolated Maloney. "You could blast granite wid that whisky. It is half kerosene and the rist fusil oil!") "Then he said what a noice location me hotel wur in, and wud I take summer boarders?"

"But what did he want av me?" anxiously interrogated Maloney.

"Arrah, that's it," smiled Mrs. Casey.

"It wur not that Pat Grogan has got out a warrant for me for knocking out three av his front teeth last Saturday noight wid a bung-starter at O'Hara's raffle. Sure, it wur all play!"

"Oh, no!"

"Not at all," corroborated Casey.

Mrs. Casey arose.

She caught hold of her liege lord by the collar, and moved him hurriedly toward the door, accelerating his progress by vigorous kicks.

Finally she flung him out into the hall.

"Go milk the cows, ye little serimpy no-good!" ordered she.

"Wid playsure, alanna," undisturbedly answered Casey, as he picked himself up and went off.

"Oh, such a man!" wailed Mrs. Casey, coming back; "if ever a poor weak woman wur thried to death it is me. He ain't a man, he ain't a quarter av a wan. Sorra the day I wed him, whin I moight have had Red McGinty, the prize-fighter, who has killed three men already, and is lugged up to by everybody."

Maloney had heard these complaints of his landlady until they had begun to fatigue him.

So he cut her short with the query:

"Ye haven't tould me yet what the lawyer de-soired av me prisence."

"I'll tell ye now, Mr. Maloney; ye have, ye have—"

"Have what?"

"Fell into a fortune."

Maloney looked at her suspiciously.

"Mrs. Casey," asked he, "what are ye giving me? It is not the first av April."

"Be the Blessed Saint Patrick," uttered Mrs. Casey, "what I'm telling ye is so. The lawyer said that ye had fell into a fortune, and here is the proof."

With considerable effort and a conscious smile of triumph, Mrs. Casey pulled from a mysterious pocket of her dress a card, which appeared to have been somewhat soiled since it had been placed in her custody.

"There," cried she, "read it."

Maloney slowly spelled it out, for all of the education that our hero possessed was about equal to the scholarly acquirements of the learned pig.

He read as follows:

"FOX & WOLF,

"Counselors at Law,

"No. — Broadway, Room Three."

The above was printed.

Written on top were the words:

"Will Mr. Maloney please make the undersigned an early visit?"

"Ye bet I will," said Maloney, assured by the card that there must be some truth in Mrs. Casey's story. "I will be there at sunrise to-morrow."

That night Maloney was a lion.

The news of his good luck spread about the hotel amongst his fellow-boarders, who were

LOUIS H. DAVIDSON,
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also, with scarcely an exception, his fellow-laborers.

Never had Mrs. Casey's bar done such a business as upon that night.

Maloney did his share of imbibition, and went to bed pretty well muddled, dimly conscious that he had promised Mrs. Casey a diamond necklace, Mr. Casey a brier-wood pipe, which was the summit of that gentleman's ambition, and the rest of the boarders gifts ranging in value from a sealskin suit to a box of cigars.

He was not up at sunrise the next morning. Indeed, he did not awake till nine.

He looked at his nickel watch in horror.

"Noine o'clock!" cried he, "and the lawyers wanted me down early. Faix, I must flog, or they may give the fortune to somebody else. Suppose they did? Faix, thin the slate I ran up last noight wud ruin me for life."

Putting on his Sunday suit—ever know an Irishman, no matter what his social position was, that did not have a Sunday suit?—he hurried down-stairs.

Mrs. Casey was there.

"What will ye have fur breakfast, Mr. Maloney?" sweetly she questioned.

"Nothing."

"Why, Mr. Maloney?"

"Thru, I'm in a hurry."

"But I have illegant ham."

"Can't sthay."

"Lovely aiggs."

"I could not sthay av they wur fit fur royalty."

I must away."

"God speed ye!" cried out Mrs. Casey.

She looked after his retreating form regretfully.

"Why the devil don't Casey commit suicide?" she muttered. "I belave I could catch Maloney meself."

Meanwhile, Maloney had gone to the elevated railroad station, caught a train, and was soon speeding through the air down-town.

Thirty minutes brought him to the Cortlandt street station, where he got off.

He proceeded across to Broadway.

After a little search he found the building, and after a little more search the office of Fox & Wolf—fitting names, by the bye, for lawyers—was discovered by him.

He knocked at their office door.

No reply.

He waited a few minutes, then knocked again.

Still no answer.

Maloney felt despairingly.

"I belave me suspicious wur thru," he groaned; "me not being down here at sunrise has sint him to give somebody else me fortune. Whirra! Whirra! I—"

His soliloquy came to an end.

For there was the noise of a bolt's withdrawal, and then the door opened.

The opener was a youth about the height of a ten-quart can without its bulk; really he could not have weighed over eighty-five pounds, but his face was that of an old man, dry, wizened and shriveled, with wrinkles of distrust around the eyes, and puckerings of cunning at the meetings of the lips.

"Well!" said he, sharply, surveying Maloney.

"Is this the office of Fox & Wolf?" questioned Maloney.

"Ye-es," cautiously said the boy, as if mentally weighing up what results, advantageous or detrimental, might accrue from the statement.

"I want to see one av thim."

"Which one?"

"Aither."

"What for?"

Maloney began to feel mad at the youth's questioning.

"None av yez business," he answered. "Are you Mr. Fox?"

"No."

"Or Mr. Wolf?"

"No."

"Thin what do ye mane by yez asking? Begob, for the troife av three cints wud I make macadamized ginger av ye. Luk out!"

He made a pass, and the youth hurriedly closed the door.

Only, however, for a second.

Presently he cautiously reopened it, but only about an inch.

"Who are you?" asked he, evidently prepared, if Maloney made any hostile demonstration, to shut it again in his face.

By way of reply Maloney drew forth the card which Mrs. Casey had given him.

"That will tell ye," said he.

The boy made a move to take it.

Quickly was it withdrawn by Maloney.

"Kape yez hands off, ye young gorilla," cried he. "Peruse it at a distance."

The youth did.

He scanned it carefully.

As he realized its purport his demeanor was immediately altered.

He flung the door wide open.

"Come in, Mr. Maloney, right this way," said he; "take a seat upon the chair by the window, it has the softest cushion. You will find all the morning papers at your hand. Won't you have a glass of ice water?"

Maloney noticed the sudden change of conduct in the youth.

"Shure, I must be somebody ather all," reflected he; "the fortune can't have faded from me grip as yet!"

Going inside he took the chair indicated by the youth, who was wondrous obsequious.

"Say, Mr. Maloney," he said, after trembling around for awhile, "Mr. Fox will be in in a minute, and—and—"

"What?"

"You won't, please, say nothing about it?"

"About what?"

"Me keeping you at the door. If I'd knowed it was you, I'd let you in right away."

"That is all right, me bye," assured Maloney.

"Ye nade have no thramors in regard to me."

Thus placed at ease, the youth became familiar.

He pulled a cigar from his pocket.

He offered it to Maloney.

It was not a particularly inviting cigar.

It was black and stale-looking, and seemed soggy.

Maloney surveyed it.

"Is it a gambler?" asked he.

"A what?" said the youth.

"A gambler."

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't ye win it playin' pool?"

Reluctantly the youth owned that he had.

"I will forgive ye, all av the same, though," magnanimously said Maloney. "I can make use av it. There is an enemy av moine who I think wud be better off in another worruld. I will, in the guise av a friend, give it to him. It will be a subtle revenge, for, av coorse, av he smokes it he will die."

The youth was puzzled, and was about to make some reply, when the door opened.

A gentleman answering Mrs. Casey's description of the lawyer entered.

"Mr. Fox," said the youth, "this is Mr. Maloney."

"Ha, indeed! Glad to see you, Mr. Maloney," said Mr. Fox. "Was up to see you yesterday. You were not in. Saw your landlady, Mrs. Casey. Nice woman—very fine. But her liquor—ugh!" and Mr. Fox shuddered.

It is needless for us to minutely describe the conversation which ensued between the lawyer and Maloney.

Suffice it to say that the latter was informed that, being next of kin to a great-uncle, whom he hardly recollected, Mr. Maloney, who had been a day-laborer all his life, who had been left to shift for himself ever since about the age of sixteen, when his father had been killed in a railway accident, and his mother died in the hospital but a few months afterwards, found himself the owner of three hundred thousand dollars.

"And now, Mr. Maloney," asked the lawyer, "may I ask what your future plans will be?"

His future plans! Maloney had none.

He was as one stupefied.

So he intimated to Mr. Fox.

"Ye tell me what to do, and, faix I'll do it," was his reply.

"Then you desire that your affairs will remain in our hands?" insinuated Mr. Fox, blandly.

"Yes."

"And perhaps you would not mind being guided a little by my advice, relative to you, personally."

"Not a bit!"

"Then, Mr. Maloney, I will do the best I can for you," enthusiastically returned the lawyer.

He was as good as his word.

Inside of a week Maloney was a man of style.

Instead of the little whitewashed room at Mrs. Casey's, he occupied a splendid suite of bachelor apartments in a fashionable locality.

His suits, instead of being bought ready-made upon the Bowery, were built to order upon Fifth avenue; his nickel watch gave place to a massive gold chronometer, and a diamond flashed in his shirt front.

Yet he was not happy.

He felt that something was lacking.

He mingled with a great many people; for wealth is the key which opens society's doors, and yet he was painfully conscious that he was inferior to many a man with but three cents and a night-key in his pocket.

Beyond the commonest affairs of life, the every-day events, he knew nothing. And how could he? Forced all his life to earn a living

with his hands, what chance had he to culture his brain?

What did he know of history, geography, biography, literature or art? He could not have told to save his neck whether Columbus discovered America, or introduced tobacco into England; whether Sir Walter Raleigh laid the cloak down for Queen Elizabeth, or fired the first shot at Lexington.

"Be Heavens!" he exclaimed, one night, as he sat alone in his luxurious apartments. "I must have education."

Just then a rap came at his door.

He recognized it.

It was that of the youth whom he had met at the office of Fox & Wolf.

Somehow he had taken quite a fancy to the lad, who was a perfect type of Young America—young in years but old in experience. His name—we might as well give it now—was Tom—Tom Ready, and he was a nephew of Mr. Fox, subsisting upon that gentleman's bounty, which, truth to say, was not sufficient to drive one wild.

"Come in," called Maloney.

Tom—we will call him Tom, hereafter—entered.

"Hello, Maloney," saluted he, "what ails you? You look as lonely as the last spring shad. What makes that sad expression upon your brow? Did somebody put axle-grease in your hair-oil?"

"No," answered Maloney, as he knocked off the ashes of his cigar. "I am thinking."

"Do you ever think?" grinned Tom.

"Well, sometimes!" And Maloney proceeded to explain to Tom what we have already explained to our readers.

"It's easy enough to get an education," answered Tom.

"How?"

"How did I get mine?"

"Reading bill-boards?"

"Nonsense! At school. Why don't you go to school?"

Tom had spoken, of course, in joke. To his surprise, Maloney took it in earnest.

"Bedad, the very thing!" said he. "I will do it, and ye can come along, too."

"Me!" cried Tom.

"Why not?"

"But I've been to school."

"So much the better—ye kin give me the proper stheer."

Tom considered Maloney's idea was absurd; but Maloney's money was not.

Maloney had no relatives.

Tom was a shrewd fellow.

Might not Maloney adopt him as his heir? The game was worth playing for, anyway, and his mind was soon made up. He would encourage Maloney in his school scheme and accompany him.

He did so.

Maloney readily got Mr. Fox to agree to his nephew's discharge from the law office.

"Anything to oblige, Mr. Maloney, anything," said the wily lawyer, adding mentally, "as long as I have charge of your estate."

A school was soon found.

It was a boarding-school, run by Dr. Pepper, situated near Stamford, Conn.

Stamford is a charming town about thirty-five miles from New York, beautifully situated upon Long Island Sound, on the line of the New York and New Haven Railroad.

Maloney had an interview with the doctor.

The sum which he offered for board and tuition for himself and Tom made the little doctor's eyes glisten. For Pepper was a little doctor, a roly-poly little man, with a good-natured face and mild blue eyes. Yet the face could grow cold as stone when necessary, and the mild blue eyes flash with determination.

"You will want private tuition, of course?" said the doctor.

"No," said Maloney.

The doctor seemed surprised.

"You don't mean to tell me that you desire to mingle with the other pupils?" asked he.

"Exactly," said Maloney.

"That's our little scheme," said Tom Ready, who was present.

"To be treated as they are?"

"Ivery toime."

"But—"

"No buts. Maloney manes what he says."

"You insist?"

"I do. Begorra, a battalion av artillery could not move me from my decision."

"Well, all right," replied the doctor, with a smile, for he had quite a keen sense of humor. "Remember, I will make no distinction between you and the smallest boy in my school."

"That is what I want," said Maloney, and the doctor bowed himself out. Need it be told that

Maloney's remarkable idea of going to school as a mere boy had been inspired by the mischievous Tom?

The next day found them at Laurel Hall, as the doctor's school was called.

It was noon, and the doctor was just coming out of the school-yard gate.

"Glad, very glad to see you," said he; "follow me."

He took them into the school-yard, which was filled with boys, it being recess.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "allow me to introduce to you two new scholars, Masters Maloney and Ready. I will be back in a second," and he walked out of the gate again, leaving our heroes alone with the boys.

The boys looked at Maloney in wonder.

Here was a nice new scholar.

Presently they began to make comments.

"What is it?"

"Who grew it?"

"He's a Muldoon!"

"Escaped from a shooting-gallery."

"He must be crazy."

"Wonder can he spell A-b-ab?"

Maloney grew restive.

"Be Heavens! just shut up yez gobs!" said he, "or I will sthrow the yard wid corpses."

This threat only made the boys go on worse.

They teased and taunted him about his appearance until when a hard-boiled egg, thrown by somebody, struck him under the ear, he could stand it no longer.

He went for his tormentors like a mad bull.

"Down yez go!" whooped he.

They did go.

At every blow of his fist a boy fell.

And when the doctor came back—he had only gone out for a second—his once peaceful school-yard looked like a battle-field.

"Hold! What's this?" cried he.

At the sound of the doctor's voice Maloney paused in his wild raid.

"They insulted me, sur," said he.

"They did?"

"Yis, sur."

"Is that any reason why you should try to kill your future companions?"

"Kill them! Shure, I only gave love taps."

"It makes no difference, Maloney, you promised to accede to the rules of my school."

"I did."

"Then you must do so. Follow me."

Maloney's only resource was to obey.

He had pledged his word to the doctor.

Resultantly, let affairs eventuate as they might, he must keep it.

He walked behind the doctor, while several of the boys followed, anxious to behold the denouement of the affair.

The doctor entered a small room just off of the side entrance.

There were several benches in the apartment, which was used as a small class-room.

To one of these benches the doctor pointed.

"Lie down over that," he commanded. "The rules of this academy demand that fighters should be visited with corporeal punishment. Therefore you must submit to a caning."

"Me alone?"

"Yes."

"Faix, it ain't fair."

"What is not?"

"Meself being marked out for a caning and nobody else. They fought me."

"Maybe they did," dryly said the doctor, "but it appears to me as if they had already received all of the chastisement they need."

"It seems so to me loikewise," acknowledged Maloney. "I have an idea that after this the smell av me fist will be familiar to them."

"Probably; but assume the posture I told you to do."

With a wry face Maloney bent himself over the bench.

In the doctor's hand was a slight cane, which he raised.

Swish! swish! it fell upon Maloney's rear.

Maloney gave a regular Irish howl. "Stop!" bawled he. "Do ye take me for a dummy?"

PART II.

At Maloney's words the doctor paused, his cane, though, remaining elevated in the air.

"What do you mean?" severely said the doctor.

"Bedad," pleaded Maloney, "ivery welt av the stick takes a strip av hide off av me."

"A strip of what?"

"Hide."

The doctor looked severe.

"Perhaps, Master Maloney," he said, "you refer to the outer covering of flesh, with which nature has endowed us all?"

"Shure, I belave so."

"That, sir, you should allude to as cuticle. Say it after me."

"Cuticle," groaned Maloney.

"Correct. Now, Master Maloney, just resume your former attitude upon the bench, as your punishment is not yet finished. This is not a knocking-out establishment for the advancement of pugilism."

Maloney demurred.

"Docthur dear," pleaded he. "I ain't a hog, and I know whin I've got sufficient."

"Discipline must take its course," coldly returned the doctor, "remember your word as a gentleman."

That settled it.

Maloney bent obediently down.

Swish!

Swish!

Two blows fell, but they were given with a gentle hand.

They hardly served to raise the dust from Maloney's jacket.

The doctor simply meant the punishment as a caution for the future.

"You can rise now, Maloney," said the doctor; "dinner is ready. You will proceed to the table with Master Morris. Morris, here!"

Morris came forward.

Morris was a youth of about fifteen, with a thin, spare form, and a face as solemn and inexpressive as the surface of a grave-stone.

That face was but a natural mask to the boy's true self.

There never a wilder, crazier, good-natured young rascal than the same Bob Morris.

Every hair upon his head seemed to contain a separate scheme of devilry.

Yet, no matter what occurred, no change of his countenance was ever visible.

He could receive the soundest of thrashings with the same cool, collected air that he would place a burr beneath the tail of some waylaid horse. Fuller acquaintance with him you will gain as our story proceeds.

Solemnly Morris approached Maloney.

"I am pleased to become acquainted with you," said he.

Maloney looked at him suspiciously.

"Begorra," answered he, "the playsure is equivocal. I belave ye are the gossoon who slugged me wid an egg. If I wur shure av it, I wud curl up yez spine into ringlets."

"That will do," interposed the doctor. "Maloney, I perceive that your antagonistic proclivities must be subjugated."

Maloney looked aghast.

"Have I thin, docthur?" queried he.

"What?"

"Agonickistic proclivities."

"You have."

"Thin for Heaven's sake sind for a docthur. I have not been ill since I fell off av Kerrigan's roof and broke me lung, and whin disease comes on suddint it is apt to be fatal. Shure, the bare name is enough to kill wan."

The doctor smiled.

"By antagonistic proclivities I mean combative propensities."

Maloney groaned.

"The two are the same?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Thin ye might just as well advertoise for bids for me coffin. Any disease wid two sich paralyzing names manes death. Sind for all the pill peddlers from here to New York. Does it break out wid a rash first?"

"I guess you won't die yet," laughed the doctor. "I will explain to you later. At present the meal awaits us. Go with Morris."

Separating into couples, the boys followed the doctor's lead.

The banquet-hall of Laurel Academy was not wildly magnificent. Indeed, its sumptuous splendor would have not even impressed a Malassyan Envoy, if you know what that is.

It was simply a bare apartment with white-washed walls and uncarpeted floor, about thirty feet wide and one hundred and fifty long.

Extending nearly the whole length was a series of pine tables, closely joining each other. About two feet apart at the side of the tables were placed iron stools fastened to the floor.

Maloney was guided to a stool near the foot of the table by Morris, and sat down next to the latter.

The table was bare.

Maloney looked at it in disgust.

"Be Heavens, it luks as inviting as a burnt-out prairie!" uttered he, "and I am as hungry as a bull."

"Talk low," whispered Morris.

"Why?"

"Against the rules to talk at the table."

"Blame the rules!"

"You'll talk different if you get collared. Know what the penalty is for talking?"

"What?"

"A lock-up for three days in a gloomy, damp, rat-inhabited dungeon."

"Does the docthur kape dungeons?"

"Does he? They're fifty feet below the cellar. And say, Maloney!"

"Well?"

"If I tell you something you won't give it away?"

"Niver!"

"One of the boys was locked in one of the dungeons last week. We ain't seen him since, and the fellers say" (here Morris' whisper became awe-struck) "that the rats ate him up. Billy Green told me that he saw the doctor talking with the man that carries away the refuse, and he gave the man a lot of money to carry away a sack. That sack, Billy says, rattled awfully as it was thrown in the wagon. Sounded just as if it were filled with human bones."

At this terrible narrative Maloney shuddered.

"And the docthur such a noice, mild-lukking man, too!" said he. "Who wud think it? I have half a mind to elope from the place."

Conversation, however, was interrupted by the entrance of a sanctimonious-looking dorky, who was about as full of fat as he could carry.

His stomach stuck out like a balloon, and it was a question as to how many years had passed since he beheld his feet.

He staggered into the room beneath a load of trays.

At each boy he placed upon the table a petrified sandwich and a glass of water.

Maloney gazed at his portion in blank amazement.

"What's this?" asked he of Morris.

"Dinner."

"What?"

"Dinner."

"What are ye giving me?"

"Fact."

"Well, I'll be blessed if I loike it. Is that all ye can have?"

"Oh, no," soberly replied Morris. "Are you well fixed?"

"What do yez mane?"

"Have you a boodle?"

"Money?"

"Yes."

"Ye can gamble on it."

"Then call for a bill of fare. Temperance will bring you one."

"Who's Temperance?"

"The coon."

At the time Morris spoke, Temperance, the colored gentleman above referred to, whose whole name was Temperance Honesty White, having finished the supplying of the boys, was leaning tranquilly against the wall.

"Waiter!" called Maloney.

Temperance did not move.

"Waiter!" repeated Maloney.

No signs of motion upon Temperance's part.

Maloney grew mad.

"Here, ye black devil!" yelled he.

Temperance started.

"Hurry up, ye smoked-beef citizen, or I'll have ye sacked!" Maloney ordered.

Like a man in a dream Temperance approached.

"Give me a bill av fare?" demanded Maloney. Temperance's eyes stuck out of his head.

"What, sah?" said he.

"A bill av fare."

"Wha' fo'?"

"Begob, I am not used to ating petrified sandwiches and lukewarm water. Fetch me quail on crackers and some champagne wather."

Temperance was confounded.

"Dat man's crazy, fo' shuah!" gasped he.

Just then Dr. Pepper, who had slipped out of the room for a minute, returned, and took his usual seat at the head of the table. The teachers ate by themselves in another room.

His keen eyes caught on to the corpulent dorky's air of bewilderment.

"Temperance, come here," called he.

Temperance, with a start, waddled to the doctor's side.

"What ails you?" questioned the doctor.

"Somethin' orful happened, sah," replied Temperance, in a hoarse whisper.

"What?" sharply asked the doctor.

"Dah's madness!"

"Madness?"

"Yes, sah."

"Where?"

"Right at de foot ob de table, sah. Sea dat big boy?"

As Temperance spoke, he pointed to Maloney.

"Well, what of him?" asked the doctor.

"He's jest as wild as a yaller dog with a toma-to-can tied to his tail, sah."

"Why do you think so?"
 "From what he said."
 "What did he say?"
 "Called me 'nigger,' sah—'nigger,' and wanted a bill ob fare. An' he objected, sah—object-ed!"

"To what?"
 "De articles ob food. He wanted quail, sah—quail on crackers, an' champagne."

The doctor smiled to himself.
 But instantly afterward he assumed a stern air.

"Master Maloney!" called he.
 Morris gave the gentleman addressed a pinch in the side.

"The doctor's calling you," spoke the young rascal; "hurry to him, or it will be the worse for you."

Maloney arose and walked to the doctor's side. Temperance retreated, but there was a baleful glare in his eyes as he furtively surveyed Maloney, which promised future animosity. This conceived insult to his race had aroused the darky's malignity.

"Master Maloney," asked the doctor, "why did you request a bill of fare?"

"Why?" returned Maloney. "Shure, docthur, ye ought to be able to be aware yerself. Bedad, the sandwich I hed wud turn the stomach av an iron man. Ye could pave a strate wid it and a sufficiency av its mates. Thin the idea av wather for a dinner drink!"

"A sandwich, Maloney," the doctor informed him, "is all that we ever have for lunch. You will please resume your seat and partake of the food assigned to you. Look at Master Ready—he seems contented."

Sure enough, Tom, who was seated half-way up the table, was munching down his sandwich and imbibing copious draughts of water, as if he had never ate or drank so fine in his life.

Maloney melancholically retraced his steps.

"I believe I wud give half av me worldly wealth for a pretzel and a glass av beer," moaned he, as he sat down and morosely contemplated the kiln-baked sandwich and the now warm water.

"What did the old duff say?" solemnly whispered Morris.

Maloney shot an angry glance at the questioner.

"I'll get aven wid ye, ye young cockatoo," answered he, "before I nixt get shaved. Ye are a dandy, ye are."

"So they all say," imperturbably answered Morris. "If I were you, stuff, I'd get shaved now. You'd be a regular dude with those chin feathers of yours off."

Maloney's brow darkened.

"For a sixpence do ye know what I wud do to yez?" questioned he.

"How many guesses?"

"Wan."

"I give it up."

"I wud shatter yez bhrains wid me plate."

"I wouldn't," languidly said Morris.

"Why?"

"Because the doctor would charge you for the plate, and—"

"Ting!"

The hand-bell which was always at the doctor's hand struck one.

The scholars arose.

It was the regular signal for their leaving the table and proceeding to their various recitation-rooms.

Morris arose with the rest.

Maloney did not.

A private signal of the hand from the doctor told him to keep his seat.

"Over the bay, rocky," said Morris. "I will see you later," and he followed his school-mates with the look of a person about to go to a funeral.

Tom Ready also remained seated.

But after a few words with the doctor, who came to him as soon as the room was cleared, he also went out.

Then the doctor came to Maloney.

"Master Maloney," said the doctor, "your education, I believe, has been limited."

"Roight ye are," readily replied Maloney.

"In fact—excuse me if I hurt your sensibilities—you have hardly any education at all."

"None, sur."

"Then you will excuse me again if I should place you in the lowest class this afternoon, just for a trial, you know. In the course of a day or so I will be able to more probably, perhaps, gauge your abilities."

"Begorra, what a man," thought Maloney as he listened to the glib sentences of the little pedagogue; "almost ivery wurrud he spakes is a six-footer, and he not knee-high to an apple-barrel."

Aloud he answered:

"As ye plaze, sur."

The doctor led Maloney along a hall and down a short passage to a room, upon the door of which *Primary* was printed.

He opened it.

A regular class-room was revealed.

Seated at a high desk was the teacher, a sallow-complexioned young man, with red hair and a tired-out look. The scholars were the youngest in the doctor's school, ranging in age from seven to ten.

"Mr. Castor?" called the doctor.

Mr. Castor, for such was the teacher's name, came forward.

"This is a new pupil, Mr. Castor—Master Maloney," said he.

Then, in a low tone, he said a few words to his subordinate, the purport of which Maloney could not catch.

"Your wishes shall be obeyed," said Mr. Castor, and with a bow the doctor left.

"Maloney, you will take your seat at the end of the row," said Mr. Castor.

Maloney proceeded to the seat at the end of the row, which was next to the smallest boy in the room.

The smallest boy's name was Jones.

Study from Jones's book, Maloney," ordered the teacher.

Maloney accordingly went shares with Jones.

Jones was sociable.

"Did your father send you here?" queried Jones.

"No," replied Maloney.

"Who did?"

"Nobody."

"Come yourself?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To learn."

"Nobody sent you?"

"No."

"Didn't have to come?"

"For Heaven's sake—no!"

"Then why did you come?"

"Will you be quiet?"

Jones appeared to be staggered at the thought of anybody coming to school without compulsion. It was a problem which his infantile mind could not solve. So he turned the stealthy conversation into another channel.

"Do you like rabbits—pink-eyed ones?" he asked.

"Yis," desperately answered Maloney.

Here Mr. Castor's voice rang out:

"Maloney!"

Maloney started.

"You are talking!"

"Faix, I don't deny it. The little chickabiddy to me left axed me if I looked pink-eyed rabbits, and to plaze him I told him 'yis.' Sure, I never saw any sort of rabbit, pink-eyed or otherwise, in me loffe, but I just desoired to plaze the kid."

"I will excuse you this time," returned Mr. Castor, "but no talking in future; study your lesson."

Maloney looked at the book.

It was a spelling lesson.

And the words were quite hard, too.

There was a row of six of them, beginning with "emetic," and ending with "lobster."

Maloney surveyed them in consternation.

"It will take me a whole day to wrastle wid them," he muttered.

The boy behind heard his words.

The boy behind was a mischievous-faced lad with a tow-head.

He leaned forward and whispered to Maloney:

"Hey! You needn't study all the words. Just study the last. Don't you see you're the last boy, and you'll get the last word."

"Yez are an angel!" enthusiastically Maloney muttered.

He began to commit the last word to memory.

"L-o-b-s-t-e-r," he spelled out, without having the faintest idea of what the word meant.

Presently Mr. Castor rapped sharply upon his desk with his ruler. It was the sign to close the books, that the lesson was about to begin.

"Stand up!" ordered Mr. Castor.

Obediently the class arose.

Mr. Castor picked up a spelling-book.

"I will reverse the order of spelling to-day," he said, "for I have reason to believe that advantage has been taken by several unscrupulous scholars who have calculated when I have proceeded in regular rotation, just about what word or words they would get, and have studied such words only. Therefore to-day I will begin at the end. Maloney?"

"What is it, sur?" questioned Maloney.

"Spell emetic."

"Wid playsure."

"Spell it."

"I-t, sur," triumphantly answered Maloney,

who for a wonder did know how to spell the pronoun.

Mr. Castor bit his lip.

"Spell emetic, I tell you," ordered he.

"L-o-b-s-t-e-r, emetic!" answered Maloney, while the tow-headed boy appeared to be struggling with some secret convulsion.

Mr. Castor looked aghast.

It was certainly the most original spelling of emetic that had ever saluted his ears.

However, he went on.

"Spell 'tiger.'"

"L-o-b-s-t-e-r!" repeated Maloney.

"Spell 'animal.'"

"L-o-b-s-t-e-r!"

"Spell 'tobacco.'"

"Tobacco?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have ye any in yez pocket, sur? If ye wud lind me a chew it wud brace me up," eagerly queried Maloney. "I lint me paper to a rap-paree in the smoking-car coming up, and he niver gave it back."

The boys grinned.

Mr. Castor frowned, but as he had been instructed by the doctor how to deal with his queer pupil, he only said:

"That will do, Maloney. Spell 'tobacco.'"

"L-o-b-s-t-e-r!" replied Maloney. "For Saint Bridget's sake, how many worruds do those let-thers spell?"

"Now," went on Mr. Castor, with a twinkle in his eye, "spell 'lobster.'"

Maloney was about to repeat his usual seven letters, when the tow-headed boy hurriedly said:

"It's spelled 'C-l-a-m!'"

With a grateful glance, Maloney spelt:

"C-l-a-m—lobster."

There was a roar from the class.

The tow-headed boy especially seemed to be about to have a fit.

Even Mr. Castor had hard work to suppress a smile.

"Maloney," said he, "what do you mean? You spell all of your other words except 'lobster' with the letters that compose that word. When I asked you that word you spelt it C-L-A-M—clam."

Maloney for a second felt wroth.

He had a good mind to denounce the tow-headed boy.

But Maloney felt that it would be mean to tell tales, upon second thought.

So he eluciddly answered that he did not know what he meant by his extraordinary spelling himself.

"I believe you did it intentionally," severely said Mr. Castor. "Come here."

Maloney walked to the desk.

Mr. Castor pointed to a low stool.

"Get up there!" said he.

Maloney obeyed.

From beneath his desk Mr. Castor drew forth a large paper cap, upon which was printed in big black letters the flattering word "Dunce."

This he put on Maloney's head.

"As a punishment you can stand there till I tell you to get down," said he.

At this moment a bell upon the ceiling jingled. It was a summons from the doctor to Mr. Castor.

Mr. Castor arose.

"Jackson," said he, "be monitor till I come back."

Jackson, who was the biggest boy, arose and took the teacher's vacated seat.

Hardly had the door closed behind Mr. Castor before the whole class, Jackson included, suddenly produced putty-blowers, and with one accord blew at Maloney with active zeal.

"Howly smoke!" cried Maloney, as the sharp balls of putty stung his face and pelted his person, "wud ye kill me upon the spot, byes? Shure, what have I done to yez?"

PART III.

MALONEY's appeal did not seem to have much effect upon the boys.

Psit!

Psit!

Psit!

The little balls of putty stung his face and hands.

With an industry worthy of a better cause, they manufactured the pellets and blew them through the tube at Maloney.

He appealed to Jackson, who, as you will remember, had been made monitor.

"Ye wur left to preserve ordher," said he, "and do ye call this ordher?"

"Hey?" quietly returned Jackson.

"It is a noice state av ordher," went on Maloney, dodging from one side to the other to escape the shower of putty balls directed at him; "bedad, ye ought to be spanked."

Calmly, coolly, Jackson fitted an extra large ball of putty into the mouth of his blower, and adjusted said blower to his lips.

Psit!

The missile struck Maloney square in the eye. It hurt, too.

That was the last straw which broke the typical camel's back.

With a howl of commingled rage and pain, Maloney jumped from the stool upon which he had been standing.

He rushed for Jackson.

That young person realized that he had gone just a little too far.

He turned pale, and tried to flee.

Too late!

Maloney was upon him.

Catching the boy by the collar, Maloney turned him across his knee.

Maloney raised his hand.

It boded ill for Jackson, and Jackson seemed to know it, for he wriggled like an eel, and yelled like a clam peddler.

Just as Maloney's fairy-hand—it was hardly as big as the dashboard of a street-car—was about to fall upon the seat of Jackson's pants, the door opened.

Mr. Castor appeared.

Instantly all was as quiet as a grave-yard.

The putty-blowers disappeared as if by magic; every boy's head was bent over his book, and lips moved silently, as if every one of the young rogues were deeply engaged in study.

Mr. Castor started as he beheld the tableau of Maloney and Jackson.

Maloney started, too.

His hand did not fall upon Jackson.

Instead, it dropped to his side.

He also let go of Jackson.

That pink of monitors fell to the floor, sprawling upon it in crab-like fashion.

Mr. Castor knitted his brow.

"What does this mean, Maloney?" asked he.

"It manes that I wur about to give that young divil a good larruping," answered Maloney, glaring wrathfully at the prostrate Jackson.

"You were?"

"I tould it."

"What for?"

"He hit me in the oi."

"In the eye?"

"Yes, sur."

"What with?"

"Putty. The idea av a person av me age being assaulted with putty. There wud be some manliness in a brick."

Mr. Castor turned to Jackson, who had scrambled up.

"Jackson," said he, "is this true?"

"No, sir," whined Jackson, with that strange promptness which impels the average small boy to always tell a lie in preference to the truth.

Maloney's face flamed with indignation.

"If the liar-catcher were around," cried he, "ye wud be the first wan he wud put in his basket. He blew the putty at me, sur, through a piece av gas-poise. It wur a wondher that me oi wur not destroyed."

"Didn't at all," said Jackson.

Unfortunately, however, for him, he had unthinkingly stowed his putty-blower away in an outside pocket of his roundabout, where it remained, a dumb proof of his pretarication.

Mr. Castor's eyes saw it.

"Jackson," sternly he said, "you are lying. I believe Maloney's word. I will report you to the doctor to-night. Go take your seat."

Sullenly Jackson went to his seat.

He knew what a report to the doctor meant. It was a synonym for the dandiest sort of a licking.

"Just as soon as I get fifty cents," he darkly confided to the boy next to him, "I am going to buy a pistol and blow the whole head off of that stuffed Mick!" to which threat the boy next to him replied, in effect, that he considered it the only course left open to Jackson.

"Maloney, you can go to your seat, too," said Mr. Castor.

So Maloney went.

Mr. Castor proceeded with the lessons.

Mental arithmetic came next.

Mr. Castor pitched upon Maloney first.

"Maloney," said he, "if you buy three shad for twenty-five cents, sell one for fifteen, and the other two for twelve and a half cents apiece, how much will you make?"

"It can't be done," decisively replied Maloney.

"What can't?"

"The sum."

"Why not?"

"Ye couldn't find a sucker in the whole fish thrade that wud sell ye three shad for a quarter. Not much. All ye cud get for that price wud be a miserable ould he shad wid no roe."

"I am only supposing the case. I'll make

it apples. You buy three apples for twenty-five cents—"

Maloney interrupted him.

"Divil a bit I do," said he. "Do ye take me for a Vanderbilt. I can get all av the apples I want for two for a cint. Make it cigars; three for a quarther, black, and ye will be talking sinse."

"Anything," desperately answered Mr. Castor. "You buy three cigars for twenty-five cents, sell one for fifteen and the other two for twelve and a half cents apiece; what is your profit?"

Maloney's answer was very prompt.

"Nothing," said he.

"Nothing?" repeated the teacher.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Bekase I ain't mane enough to sell cigars. Av I didn't shmoke thim meself I wud give thim away."

Mr. Castor gave the task up.

"Next," said he, and the smallest boy, getting up, said that the profit upon the supposed business transaction in cigars would be fifteen cents gain.

Maloney looked admiringly at the smallest boy.

"Shure, what a brain for a slip av a kid!" he mentally ejaculated. "It wud have took me tin minutes to have done it on me fingers."

The lesson proceeded.

When Mr. Castor was about half-way around the class, and was struggling with a thick-headed boy who had got hopelessly mixed up in regard to a fabulous transaction concerning the sale of plow-shares, Maloney felt a kick upon his ankle.

He turned about.

The tow-headed youth, who was mentioned before as sitting right back of Maloney, had a paper in his hand.

By a series of facial grimaces, he gave Maloney to understand that the paper was meant for him.

Maloney put back his hand.

Slyly, with one eye upon the unconscious Mr. Castor, who was engrossed in the thick-headed youth and plow-share transaction, the tow-headed youth placed the paper in Maloney's palm.

Closing his fingers upon it, Maloney brought it to him.

Furtively he opened it.

Inside was a caramel of chocolate.

Now if there was one thing more than another that Maloney disliked, it was candy. His sweet tooth was but imperfectly developed.

Therefore his first impulse was to pitch the caramel away.

His second was that maybe the boys felt sorry for having putty-blown him, and that the caramel was intended as a sort of peace-offering.

"It may make them feel bad if I refuse it," he said to himself.

He put it into his mouth and began to suck it. The tow-headed youth watched him with intense interest.

So did all of the boys in his neighborhood.

Maloney took about three sucks.

That was enough.

His whole mouth seemed ablaze; it was as if a fire had been lighted in it. His tongue appeared swollen all over. He spit out the caramel and jumped to his feet.

"Wather, wather!" bawled he. "For Heaven's sake give me wather!"

Mr. Castor looked at him with a sigh.

"What ails you now, Maloney?" wearily asked he.

Maloney tried to explain.

He could not.

His mouth was burning worse than ever.

All that he could say was:

"Wather, wather!"

"Go to the end of the room," said Mr. Castor, seeing it was useless to try to get an explanation out of him just then. "You will find water there."

Maloney plunged wildly to the place indicated. The boys half rose to their feet.

Order for a minute was forgotten.

"He's mad!"

"He's crazy!"

"He's got a fit!"

"Or cramp!"

"Maybe he'll faint!"

"Spoke he'd die!"

So they cried, and one boy, holding up his hand, wanted to know if he had not better go for Dr. Pepper, which was a brightly brilliant idea of said boy to escape from the thralldom of the class-room for an hour or two.

Mr. Castor, however, promptly told the questioner to sit down, and ordered the class to proceed with their studies.

Meanwhile Maloney had reached the water-pail and had swallowed about half of its contents.

The other half he took into his mouth and squirted out again, making the floor around him look like a sort of artificial lake.

At last the burning sensation in his mouth grew less.

"Begorra! I belave I am saved!" he exclaimed, "for I thought I was cremated in me gob!"

Mr. Castor called to him.

"Come here, Maloney," said he.

Maloney went.

"Now, sir," asked Mr. Castor, "what means your extraordinary conduct?"

"Do ye call me conduct extrhordinary?"

"I do."

"Bedad, I don't."

"Why not?"

"I reckon it moild. Some men in me place wud have torn up the flure."

"For what reason?"

Maloney extended his finger at the tow-headed boy, whose risibility suddenly stopped.

"Do ye see that cotton-topped sardine?" queried he.

Mr. Castor followed the direction of Maloney's finger.

"That is Smythe," said the teacher. "What did he do to you?"

"He gev me a papher."

"What of that?"

"Nothing as regards the papher itself. It wur its contents."

"What were they?"

"Liquid foire in the form av confecthionery."

Mr. Castor called to Smythe, who came shambling forward.

"Smythe," sternly said the teacher, "did you give Maloney a paper?"

"Yes, sir," answered the tow-headed youth, beginning to rub his knuckles into his eyes.

"What was ix it?"

"A car-car-caramel," faltered Smythe squeezing forth a tear.

"A caramel of what kind?"

"Ch-ch-chocolate."

"Was it all chocolate?"

"Yes—yes."

"Nothing else now, Smythe, recollect that it will be the worse for you if you lie."

Smythe hesitated.

It was a strong temptation to swear that the caramel was as pure and virginal as when it had first issued from the confectioner's hands.

He thought better of it, though.

"There—there was something else," finally confessed he.

"What?"

"Cayenne pepper."

"You put it on?"

"No, sir."

"Who did?"

"Bulger."

"Come here, Bulger."

Bulger, who was a pale-faced boy with a shambling gait, slunk forward.

"Is Smythe's accusation true?" asked Mr. Castor.

Bulger said it was.

"Both of you will please report to Dr. Pepper," said Mr. Castor.

As both of the culprits had expected this sentence, they did not appear very much surprised, and returned to their seats.

The lesson went on.

Presently a folded paper, which fell from some unknown source, dropped in Maloney's lap.

"More cayenne pepper delicacies," muttered he; "but they will not catch me twice. A choild wid his hand wanst burnt off will niver put his fingers in the foire again."

He opened the missive.

His surmise had been wrong.

No candy was hid in its folds.

It was but half of a sheet of note-paper, upon which was roughly drawn, in yet wet ink, a rude sketch of what at first sight seemed to be a picture of a salt bag tied to a derriek.

Closer inspection, however, revealed that it was meant for a man suspended from a gal-lows.

Beneath was printed:

"Maloney the Tell Tale!"

Maloney raised his hand.

"Well?" questioned Mr. Castor.

"Can I ask ye a question?"

"Yes, sir."

"What day is it?"

"Wednesday."

"I mane the date."

"The first."

"Av what?"

"May."

"Ye are sure?"

"I am."

"Be hivens, from the valentine that I received I thought it wur the fourteenth av February."

"What valentine?"

"It is a deloightful execution av a hanging, wid meself as chief participant," and he held up the paper.

"Bring it here," despairingly requested Mr. Castor, who had begun to secretly wish that Maloney was miles beneath the sea.

His order was obeyed.

"I will investigate this later," he groaned.

Soon after a gong sounded.

This was the signal for the close of the afternoon lessons—recreation followed till supper-time.

"Arise," commanded Mr. Castor.

The class got up.

Maloney tried to.

But, with a yell, he fell to the floor and sprawled over.

"Some sucker has tied me ankles together," cried he.

Sure enough there was a cord slipped around both ankles.

"Untie it," said Mr. Castor.

Maloney obeyed.

He was on his feet in a minute.

He was not mad.

Oh, no!

In falling down he had hurt one of his arms, and that, of course, made him feel real agreeable.

He glared about the room.

"I'll give foive dollars for the name av the vagabond who chained me fut," cried he.

Five dollars!

What does not represent to the youthful mind? For five fine dollars—less than that—the ordinary school-boy would cheerfully assist to burn up his grandfather.

"Smythe did it!" bawled out a dozen voices.

Maloney rushed for Smythe.

"I'll swape the flure wid yez!" cried he.

Smythe made a desperate flight over the benches and desks, knocking half a dozen down. Maloney plunged after him, knocking more down.

It was something akin to a ball chasing a grasshopper.

Hurriedly Mr. Castor got between them.

Unluckily for him, for at that moment Maloney, picking up an inkstand, flung it at the flying Smythe.

Mr. Castor got between them just in time to receive it upon his shoulder.

The ink splattered over his clothes and covered his face.

He looked as if he had suddenly broken out with black small-pox.

Aghast at what he had done, Maloney stopped short, while Smythe dodged out of the door with a triumphant "yah!"

Mr. Castor took a handkerchief from his pocket and tried to wipe the ink from his face.

He only succeeded, though, in smearing it all over his visage.

He looked so funny that Maloney, though he knew he had not ought to, could not restrain from laughing.

"Luk at yeself in the glass, sir," requested he; "ye luk loike a naygur. Faix, any wan wud take ye for a circus Zulu."

"That will do," said Mr. Castor, who, being but human, could not help but being mad. "I will speak to the doctor about this. Go to the play-ground with the rest of the boys."

Maloney obeyed.

"It's meself who is always getting into some muddle," soliloquized he; "what the devil did I fling that ink-stand at the young rat for, anyway. I could have kilt him just as well wid a desk."

He entered the play-ground.

It was full of boys.

Amongst them he soon saw Tom Ready and Bob Morris.

"Hello," cried Tom; "how do you like it as far as you've got?"

"Like what?" growled Maloney.

"School."

"Oh, it is so illigant, as far as I've gone, that for sixpence I wouldn't go no farther."

"Why?"

"The byes are too sociable."

Tom Ready shrewdly suspected that there was something behind Maloney's words, and by judicious questioning succeeded in obtaining from him a narrative of the morning's doings.

Of course he and Bob Morris could not prevent themselves from smiling at our hero's adventures, but they tried to cheer him up.

This was not very difficult.

Maloney's nature was, like most of his race, aptly described in the lines of a popular song:

"Pat may be hasty, and very often wrong.

Pat's got a temper, but it don't last very long."

Soon, under the arguments of the two lads, he had forgot all about his anger.

He looked around.

The boys were all at play.

Some were enjoying prisoner's-base, others were at foot-ball, a lively game of Red Lion was in progress, and most of Maloney's class-mates were hard at work at that delicious pastime called "old mammy daddy, stick, stick staddy!"

Others were swinging upon rings, jumping wooden horses, walking up upright ladders, pulling rowing-machines, etc., for the play-ground was well furnished with all sorts of outdoor gymnastical apparatus.

"Well, what will we do?" asked Tom Ready.

"I know what I mean to do," answered Bob.

"What?"

"See that horizontal bar?"

"Near the trees?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going to practice on it. Come along, Tom. You, too, Stuff."

Maloney drew himself up.

"Did you allude to me as Stuff?" asked he.

"Cert."

"Don't do it again."

"Why not?"

"Me name is Maloney, and I'll not allow any rosy-cheek kid to allude to me as Stuff."

"That's all right."

"How?"

"All of us have our nicknames. They call me Skittery Skibbs sometimes."

"That may be. But I will not be termed Stuff. Yez had better moid it, or yez family will be childless."

"I'll remember," grinned Bob. "I'll prick it in India ink, so as not to forget it, upon my arm."

So they strolled to the horizontal bar.

Nobody was there.

Bob jumped up and caught hold of the cross-piece.

"Here we go!" he cried, swinging himself around in the air, turning over and over, as if he was some well regulated piece of mechanism. Finally, out of breath, he dropped to the ground.

"How is that?" he asked.

"Bully," responded Tom.

PART IV.

TOM READY's remark relative to the ability of Bob Morris upon the horizontal bar did not appear to meet with Maloney's approval.

"It wur quoite clevher," said he, with the air of a man who felt obliged to make some commendatory remark, simply out of politeness.

Tom noticed the tone in which he uttered the above compliment.

"Quite clever!" he repeated. "Well, I think it is boss. I couldn't do it."

"Ye couldn't?" said Maloney.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I ain't anxious to break my neck. I would fall off right away."

"Ye would?"

"Slithtly."

"Thin yez hands must be greasy, for I belave that I could swing around meself."

Tom burst into an incredulous laugh.

"You go around that bar in the pin-wheel fashion that Bob did!" said he. "Well, if you want to have a first-class Irish funeral proceed from this academy just try it."

"I belave I will," declared Maloney. "Faix, it is no slouch av an athlete am I. I tuk off the last prize upon several occasions at the games av the Clan-na-Gael at Elm Park. 'Tis a purty park, Elm Park is, too. They call it by that toifle, bekase the nearest approach to an elm in its vicinity is an iron hydrant. Mud Square would be a better designation for it."

While he was yet speaking, Temperance Honesty, the darky whom Maloney had all broken up at the lunch table by requesting a bill of fare, came along.

In his hand he carried a pail.

"Hello, chile, where you going?" asked Bob.

"None youse business," gruffly responded Temperance, who did not appear to be in the best of humor.

"Got your hump up, eh?" said Bob. "Bet that I know the reason."

"Youse do?"

"Yes."

"Wha' is it?"

"Cause you got to get a pail of water from the cistern, Lazy! Lazy Temperance!"

"Go 'long. Youse too cute fo' youse own good." And Temperance went on.

What Bob said was the truth.

Temperance Honesty, unless something extraordinary occurred to wake him to life, was about as lazy a coon as ever wore liver lips. His idea

of Paradise was that of a place where all one had to do was to lie in the sun all day and be fed with a spoon.

He was mad at having to go to the cistern for a pail of water.

The cistern was about seven feet away from the horizontal bar.

It was surrounded by a board upper about three feet high, and was covered with a lid, which was locked, so as to prevent accident.

Temperance produced a key and unlocked the lid, which he raised up.

"Dis ain't no man's work at all," grumbled he.

"Dat yere new Irish gal ought to go fo' and draw de watah. Nex' ting, I 'spect, dey will be habbing me making up de boys' beds."

Thus grumbling, he picked up a short stick, which lay alongside of the cistern—a stick with an iron hook at one end—and placing the pail upon the hook, dipped it down into the cistern, bending over, of course, to do so.

Meanwhile Maloney, to prove that he was an athlete, had clambered up on the horizontal bar.

Really he knew just about as much about revolving around it, as Bob had done, as a turkey knows of going skating.

He clutched the bar tightly with his hands and gave a swing.

Over he went.

Whether it was fear or a slip of the hands we can't say, but at any rate he flew off of the bar like a shot.

Whizz!

He skipped through the air and landed plump against the bent form of the unconscious Temperance Honesty, who was just pulling up his pail of water.

Uttering a yell, the darky plunged forward.

He made a desperate effort to regain his balance, grasping at the cistern top-board.

Too late!

As Maloney fell into a heap on the cistern's outside the coon's feet disappeared from view on the inside.

There was a splash.

The water flew up in miniature spouts.

At the same time was heard a piteous cry of: "Help—help, fo' de Lawd's sake!" apparently issuing from the recesses of the water vault.

Tom and Bob ran to the spot.

Maloney, who was not hurt at all, but a good deal confused, was picking himself up in a dazed sort of way.

"Be heavens!" he exclaimed, "where has he gone, or wur it a tree I dislocated?"

"Yor've done it now," assured Tom.

"What?"

"You've knocked him plump down the cistern."

"Thin what I encountered wur aloive?"

"Rather. It was the coon yod hit."

"And he's down the cistern?"

"Yes."

"How deep is the water?"

"Ninety-three feet."

Maloney looked aghast.

"Shure, he will be almost decomposed before he reaches the surface," ejaculated he.

Burriedly he rushed to the cistern and plunged against its frail wooden barrier, the top board of which had already been sprung by Temperance Honesty's endeavor to save himself.

Cr-cr-ack-ack!

There was a sound of splintering wood, the noise of a yield of timber, and Maloney fell down head-first into the cistern.

Temperance Honesty was just climbing out, for in reality this cistern was not much more than chin deep.

Maloney's sudden arrival, however, sent him down again beneath the surface of the water, in a compressed form, which was not at all agreeable.

Maloney entered the liquid element also, but as the cistern was not actually large enough to hold two individuals of the size and weight of Maloney and his colored friend, Maloney only got wet up to about his arm-pits.

In the meantime the cries of Bob and Tom had attracted the attention of the other scholars.

Their games were hastily left.

The cistern immediately became the center of attraction, to which all hands hurried.

"What is it?"

"What's up?"

"What's the racket?"

"What does it mean?"

These and a dozen similar queries were hurled at Bob and Tom, almost simultaneously.

Before they fairly had time to answer and explain the facts of the case, both Maloney and Temperance Honesty came clambering out of the cistern.

They were not mad.

Oh, no!

They entertained the highest feelings of respect for one another, that is maybe.

Temperance Honesty was the first one to get to his feet.

Maloney was but a second later.

Dripping from every garment they glared at each other, the darky's eyes, which usually protruded like eggs, now seemed to be swollen to the size of white globes.

He was the first to break the silence.

"Wha' fo' youse do it?" fiercely demanded he of Maloney.

"What?" asked Maloney.

"Youse doan't know?"

"No."

"Spect not. Didn't try fo' to drowned me, did youse?"

"No."

"Didn't kick me in de cistern?"

"No."

"Den how I feil in?"

"Yez dhropped in."

Maloney's replies only served to make Temperance Honesty madder.

"Not satisfied wid knocken ob me down de cistern," he went on, "youse tried fo' to jump in on top ob me."

"I did?"

"Yes, sah."

"Who said so?"

"I do."

"Then I teil you what you are."

"What?"

"A murky-faced liar!"

The boys, who had instinctively formed a sort of ring, as if anticipating trouble, gave vent to various exclamations at this derogatory declaration of Maloney's.

"Oh! Temperance Honesty!"

"Did you hear it?"

"He called you a liar!"

"Said that you falsified!"

"Hit him!"

"You can lick him easy."

"Before I would be called a liar I'd die!"

"Black his eyes!"

"Smash his snoot!"

So they advised the darky, while Tom Ready quietly took Maloney a little to one side.

"See here," said Tom, "you want to make yourself boss of the school, don't you?"

"Such, bedad, is me aspirathion," was Maloney's answer.

"Well, here's your chance."

"How?"

"Kill the coon."

Maloney looked doubtfully at the sable personage whom he was advised to blot out of existence.

"I'd loike to do it," he whispered to Tom.

"Then do it."

"I'm afraid I can't."

"Why not?"

"He is a Jumbo."

"In fat?"

"Yes."

"Sh!"

"What?"

"I'll give you a steer. That fat ain't real. He's got the dropsy. Just hit him once about the waist and he'll collapse like a pin-pricked balloon. This ain't no quibsy, it is straight true."

Maloney, who believed implicitly in Tom, at once advanced toward Temperance Honesty, who had been already worked up to a pugilistic pitch by the artful insinuations of his supposed friends.

"Put up yez fists!" roared Maloney.

"Wha' fo'?" sullenly asked Temperance Honesty.

"Ye will soon foind out. Whin I get through wid ye the sod will be darkened wid black mate."

"Dat so?" contemptuously asked the fifteenth amendment addressed. "Den luk out fo' yourself."

"Me luk out?"

"I hab said it, an' it am so, Irisher."

"Well?"

"Der dew's fell fo' de last time ober youse grave. Nebber mo' will youse see de blue skies, de—"

Whack!

Temperance Honesty's oration was suddenly stopped by a raw-boned fist which struck him square in the mouth and knocked him flat.

Said fist belonged to Maloney.

He had taken advantage of Temperance Honesty's long-windedness and put in a good one.

He strutted about like a conqueror.

"Be heavens, I knew I could give him his death-blow!" boasted he. "Get a thruck and carry him away!"

"Good boy," approvingly said Tom. "I knew you could do it."

"Do it?" repeated Maloney. "Do you know what ilse I could do?"

"What?"

"Lick twelve loike him. Wan av his koind is loike wiping away a fly."

So Maloney continued to crow.

He did not notice that Temperance Honesty had arisen, with a baleful look upon his face.

Near by was a board—a small board of light weight.

He grabbed it.

Stealthily he crept up behind Maloney.

Raising the board aloft, he brought it down with all of the force that his arms were capable of.

Bang!

The board descended upon Maloney's head, and flew into pieces.

Maloney dropped like a shot.

It was the coon's turn to blow.

He fairly swelled out to the dimensions of a first-class balloon, especially as a round of applause from the delighted boys rewarded his effort.

"Didn't I tole youse!" yelled he. "Who call cullud pusson liah now? Dat man's gone possum—nebbber breathe again."

Congratulations were heard on all sides.

"Bully for Temperance!"

"He's a fighter, he is!"

"Bad nigger, every time."

"Nobody wants to fool with him!"

"They'll get left if they do!"

"Right you are, he's the boss."

While Temperance Honesty was replying to these praises of himself Maloney had got up.

His head was hard as a brickbat, and the blow of the board had hardly affected it.

The stick which was used to dip the pail into the cistern when water was required reposed almost at his feet.

He caught sight of it.

"Watch me," he hissed to Tom.

"What do you mean to do?"

"Bbreak both av the black porpoise's legs off at the elbow."

He was as good as his word.

With a bound he reached forward and gave his enemy a furious whack in the region of the knees.

Temperance Honesty's feet flew up.

His head flew down.

And he managed to dent the sod considerably with his body.

"What did I enunciate?" cackled Maloney.

"He will niver walk again. I thremble to think av the number av artheries I must have bhroke!"

"You'll be head of the list now, sure," Tom commended. "No one will dare tackle you."

"And live," finished Maloney.

Now for a short diversion.

You may, perhaps, wonder how all of these occurrences could take place in a well-regulated school.

Why, you will rightly ask, was not a teacher around?

There was a teacher around.

His name was Phœbus Brown, and he taught the higher classes.

Mr. Brown was tall, lank and about as fat as a broom-corn. He was aged about thirty-five, wore glasses, and generally dressed very slovenly. Not but what he need do it, because he was a man of great acquirements, a graduate with highest honors at Yale, and received a handsome salary.

The reason was that outside of his school duties Mr. Brown lived in another world.

Not the prosaic, every-day world of ours, but a dead world, a world of crumbling bones and human dust, a world once peopled by Hercules and Homer, Cato and Caesar, Ulysses and Una.

Ask Mr. Brown what the fare was from Stamford to New York, and it is doubtful if he could have told you; inquire the details of Jason's search for the Golden Fleece, and he could have given you every particular of that mythological expedition.

Such a man was Phœbus Brown, A. M., L. L. D., and half of the rest of the alphabet behind.

He had been deputed to keep an eye upon the boys at recess.

This was the way he did it:

He had sauntered out of the school, and with a general remark of "Be good, young gentlemen," had calmly taken his seat upon a bench at the far end of the play-ground, a bench so situated between a couple of trees that it was almost impossible for him to see anything at all, and pulling out a volume of Josephus' works—Lord spare you from ever having to read them—began to peruse an exciting account of the siege of Jerusalem.

He had just got in the middle of it when a small boy, name unknown, came running up.

"Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown!" breathlessly cried he.

Mr. Brown waved him away.

"Can't you see that I am busy?" asked he.

"But, Mr. Brown," persisted the small boy.

With a resigned air Mr. Brown closed his book.

"What is it?" he questioned.

"They're killing each other," said the small boy.

"Killing each other?" dazedly repeated Mr. Brown. "Who is?"

"Temperance Honesty and the new scholar, sir. One of them's got a razor and a club, and the other's got two daggers and a couple of axes," the small boy informed, recklessly drawing upon his imagination.

"Where?" exclaimed Mr. Brown, in startled tones.

"Down by the cistern, sir. They both fell into it."

"Killing each other! both fell into the cistern? Surely I must see to this." And, putting his book in his pocket, Mr. Brown hurried to the scene.

He arrived at a lively epoch.

Temperance Honesty had regained his feet. It had been a great mistake on Maloney's part to assert that the Southern exotic's legs were broken. Nothing short of a crowbar will collapse a negro's supporters.

He had gone for Maloney with his fists.

Maloney was there.

A mill, the like of which never was seen before, then followed.

Out of about every ten blows, one took effect. It was like a couple of wind-mills sparring.

They had concluded one round by both falling down, and had started for a second when Mr. Brown hurried up.

One of the spectators saw his grasshopper-like form approaching.

"Cheese it!" called out he.

Like a flock of quails disturbed by the report of a gun, the boys scattered.

Maloney did not, though.

Neither Temperance Honesty.

They were too wholly engrossed in the task of trying to annihilate each other.

Just as they made a grand rush at one another, Mr. Brown sprang in between them.

"Hold!" cried he.

Biff!

Bat!

Maloney's fist caught Mr. Brown just upon the nose, while Temperance Honesty's sable duke rattled him beneath the ear.

A stream of gore flew from Mr. Brown's nose. Now no man has at all times a perfect control of his temper. Job, for all of his reputed meekness, would have been apt to fly up and try to make it hot for any one who hit him in the nose.

Mr. Brown, though no one would have thought it to look at him, had during his college days been no slouch of a boxer.

That tap of Maloney's upon the smeller caused a revival of his old pugilistic instincts.

He forgot all about his dignity, all about his position as head preceptor of the school, all about Hercules and Homer, Cato and the Caesars, Ulysses and Una, and all the rest of the old timers.

Once more he was a young and athletic college student.

He struck out like a good one.

"Come on! down you go!" cried he, as he delivered a neat right-hander which secured Maloney beneath the chin and lifted him about a foot in the air.

"Come on! down you go!" cried he, as he struck out with his left and sent Temperance Honesty to the sod by a blow between the eyes.

They did not come on some more, though.

For a minute or two they lay upon the ground like a couple of stiffs, while Mr. Brown stood victoriously over them.

Then they slowly crawled up.

Mr. Brown immediately knocked them both down again.

That was a settler.

They concluded that it was best to lay still.

Suddenly, however, there was a commotion amongst the boys who had come back.

Doctor Pepper had arrived.

He elbowed his way through the crowd.

What a sight met his eyes.

It was sufficient to appal him.

Truly, it was a nice spectacle for the boss of a respectable school.

There stood his head teacher, an A. M., LL. D., with half of the rest of the alphabet behind, over two fallen victims.

There was blood, too, upon his head-teacher's face.

Blood on his shirt-front, too.

Even blood upon his vest.

And blood was even yet trickling down from his nose.

Doctor Pepper for a second was aghast.

He hardly knew who he was.

Indeed, for awhile there was an awful silence.

He hardly knew what to say.

But finally, in faltering accents, he gasped:

"Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown, will you be pleased to explain the meaning of this surprising, this degrading, this disgraceful scene?"

PART V.

No wonder that Dr. Pepper was surprised and that he spoke the way that he did.

His head teacher, standing like a champion of the fistic arena, with two prostrate foes at his feet.

"Mr. Brown," repeated the doctor, "what does this mean?"

The flush of victory had had time to pass from off of Mr. Brown's face.

Instead, a flush of chagrin occupied its place. He passed his hand across his brow, his usual gesture when at a loss for he realized the undignified position in which he found himself placed.

"I—I will explain later!" stammered he.

"I hope so, and also hope that your definition of your conduct will prove satisfactory," sternly returned the doctor. "I will be pleased to see you at my study after supper. Meanwhile, Mr. Brown, allow me to offer you a suggestion."

"Ye—yes, sir."

"You are aware of the locality of the wash-room?"

"I am."

"Then let me say that it would not be a bad idea for you to go to it and remove the stains of blood which disfigure your person and apparel."

Mr. Brown, once more passing his hand across his brow, meekly obeyed.

He went toward the school-building without a word of protest. His ebullition of youthfulness was over; once more he was the middle-aged tutor.

Dr. Pepper then turned his attention to Temperance Honesty and Maloney.

"Get up!" ordered he.

Maloney sort of hesitated.

The blow that he had received from Mr. Brown had to a certain extent confounded his mental faculties.

He seemed to regard the doctor as a new assailant.

"Will ye make me a promise?" asked he.

"About what?" the doctor questioned.

"That ye will not knock me down before I arise?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. It will be few hittings till I recover me equilibrium."

The doctor looked amazed.

"Maloney," he said, "your language is unintelligible to me."

"Shure me fists will not be to ye," returned Maloney; "it wur a mane advantage tuk ye av me anyway. Put up yez dukes loike a man."

If Dr. Pepper had appeared surprised before, he seemed paralyzed now.

Especially as Maloney had arisen to his feet and was squaring off.

Luckily Bob Morris pulled Maloney's sleeve.

"What are you going to do now?" Bob asked.

"Kill him," was Maloney's amiable answer.

"Who?"

"The ould sucker."

"What for?"

"It's a noice questhion to ask. Didn't yez see him thry to knock me gums down me throat?"

"Who did?"

"He. If he's a man, let him come on. Bad cess to his sowl, I will lay him dead wid wan blow."

"See here, Maloney," said Bob, "you are plump off."

"How?"

"That is Dr. Pepper."

"Bedad, I don't care if he is Dr. Salt."

"But he didn't hit you."

"He didn't?"

"No."

"Then who did?"

"Mr. Brown."

"Where's he?"

"Gone to wash off."

"Where?"

"In the lavatory."

"Where's that?"

"Right in the east wing of the school-building."

"That settles it. Faix, I will pursue him there, and dhrownd him banathe the faucets."

Doctor Pepper, though, stopped this brilliant plan of revenge.

"Maloney," sternly uttered he, "what does this mean? Answer me, sir!"

Maloney glanced at Temperance Honesty, who had just regained an erect position.

"It is all av the naygur's fault!" declared he.

"How?" asked the doctor.

"He thried to make an ind av me."

"When?"

"But a few minutes ago. He got me by the throat whin I was in the cisthren, and indeavored to dhrag me head benathe the wather. Thin, aither I had rescued him from being dhrownded, how did he show his gratitude? He made an attempt to knock me brains out wid a board. Niver again will I help a black-and-tan."

Temperance Honesty's face was a picture at this declaration.

"Doctah Pepper," he said, "of all de lies dat ebber I heard dat's de wuss. Let me 'splain de true circumstances ob de affair. In de first place I wuz sent fo' some water; 'course it wuz me dat wuz sent. Dat yeah cook am too—"

"That will do," impatiently interrupted the doctor. "I don't care to hear about the cook. Confine yourself to the facts of the present case."

"All right, sah. I wuz sent fo' some water."

"I've heard that before."

"I wuz sent fo' some—"

"Temperance," hotly ordered the doctor, "I do not want to hear that again. I am perfectly aware that you were sent for some water."

"Dat's what I said, sah. I was sent fo' some water, an' I tooken de pail. While I wuz stoopin' down fo' to puli de pail out from de cistern, me wid my back turned toward dat low white man, he jumps on me an' frowed me down de cistern. Den he jumps after me an' wanter fo' to drown me."

"Oh, the loiar!" cried Maloney. "It is worse than an informer is he. I niver in the wuruld meant to harm the charcoal-colored rapparee. If I had not whirled meself off av the horizontal bar divil a bit wud I have touched him."

"The horizontal bar?" repeated the doctor.

"Yis."

"What were you doing upon it?"

"What do yez suppose?" questioned Maloney, whose temper had not been at all improved by the events of the last hour. "I wur not up there to ate me meals, ye can bet. It wur thryin' to spin around that I was."

"Doan't beliebe nuffin' ob de sawt," sulkily interpolated Temperance Honesty. "Youse went on top ob dat bar so dat youse would hab a bettah vantage ground fo' to light yourself down on me. Doctah, dat man am a—"

"What?" fiercely interposed Maloney.

Temperance Honesty considered it best not to conclude the sentence as he originally meant.

"He ain't nuffin'!" curtly said he.

Maloney gave him a baleful glance.

"It is lucky that ye got out av it that way," he remarked, "or else I wud have dimmed the daisies wid yez loife-blood. As it is, I have a good moind to murder ye just for an example. Be Heavens! I have to fumigate me fist bekase it came in contact wid yez facial appurtenances."

Dr. Pepper bit his lip.

Truth to tell, he was in a quandary.

Maloney had only been at the school for about eight hours, yet during that brief space he had made more trouble than all of the rest of the boys had in eight days. He was released from present consideration of the case just then upon his hands, though, by the sound of the gong, which announced supper.

"I will attend to this affair later," spoke he.

"To your evening repast, all of you."

The order was, of course, obeyed.

Maloney went off with Bob Morris, while Temperance Honesty sidled away to his own quarters.

Maloney's clothes were dripping wet—the natural result of his involuntary bath in the cistern.

"You've got to change your duds, or you will get your death of dampness," sympathetically said Bob.

"Faix, and I cannot," answered Maloney.

"You can't?"

"No."

"What's the reason?"

"These are all that I have. Me thrunks will not be here till to-morrow. Is there a clothing store widin telephone av the school?"

"Nixey."

"Thin that settles it. It is forced am I to retain these garments, an' it is perish av moisthure I will."

"Don't believe it," coolly said Bob. "I've got an idea that I can fix you."

"Fix me?"

"Yes."

"In what regard?"

"Clothes."

"How?"

"Easy."

"Emit it."

"I'll lend you an old suit of mine."

Maloney made a visual comparison of himself and Bob in regard to physical proportions.

"No doubt ye maue well, me bye," he said, "but ye moight as well expect to cover a whale wid an eelskin. It is a dandy piechure wud I make arrayed in yez apparel."

Bob, though, was determined.

He hurried ahead to Dr. Pepper, who was receiving an explanation of the cistern racket from Tom Ready. A minute's conversation, and Bob received permission to take Maloney to his dormitory and make the necessary change of garbs.

"I've fixed it all hunk with the doc," said Bob Morris, as he returned to Maloney; "come along; I'll see that you are clothed O. K."

"Anything to please," Maloney returned, "although it is me proivate opinion that yez suit will luk loike a bursted balloon before I get through wid it."

Arriving at the dormitory, Maloney looked curiously around.

The apartment was like most all school sleeping-rooms; long, narrow, whitewashed, and a row of cots upon each side. Next to each cot was a locker, in which the boys kept their clothes.

"Is this where ye slape?" asked he.

"Cert," said Bob.

"Hev I got to slape here?"

"Of course."

"On wan av those kelpie cots?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Are ye a fool that ye ax it? I wud bhreak it down in a minute."

"Then you will have to break it down, for it's all of the bed you'll get. If you don't like it, there is but one thing else that you can do."

"What's that?"

"Sleep on the floor."

With which declaration Bob proceeded to lift up the lid of his locker.

He picked out a suit of clothes.

Removing his drenched garments, Maloney, after a good deal of difficulty, succeeded in donning Bob's raiment.

He looked nice.

If he had tried to walk up Fifth avenue with those duds of Bob's on, he would have scared all of the other promenaders into the gutter.

In the first place the coat was about two feet too short for him, and its tails came up to about the small of his back.

Then the vest suited him more like a collar than it did a vest.

As for the pants, they only reached down to his ankles, and were a complete type of high-water breeches. Besides there was a big red patch in their rear, which gave Maloney the appearance of being some sort of animated danger signal.

"How do I luk?" asked he.

It was as much as Bob could do to keep from laughing out in Maloney's face.

He did not, though.

With his usual tombstonery cast of countenance he replied that Maloney looked like a crusher.

"You'd make a mash a minute if you would walk through Stamford that way," declared he.

"Ye have got it whrong," said Maloney.

"How?"

"Instead av making a mash a minute I wud be mashed in a minute. The mashing wud not be done wid roguish glances, either. It wud probably be committed wid a club or a session av bricks. Troth, there is but wan object that I can compare meself to now."

"What's that?"

"A scarecrow, bedad; put me up in a corn-field, tied to a bean-pole, and not only wud I scare the crows, but I wud kill them dead."

Bob laughed.

That is, what he considered a laugh. The effort, though, was about as jovial as the attempt of an oyster to cachinnate would be.

"Oh, don't mind your looks," said he; "come along, supper will be nearly over."

They wended their way to the supper-table.

The doctor, as usual, presided at its head.

Maloney's appearance excited divers suppressed giggles as he passed the row of boys at the side of the table, for his seat was at the lower end, and he had entered at a door the other end of the room.

It also excited divers comments, perfectly audible to Maloney, but not to the doctor.

"What is it?"

"Who grew it?"

"Does it breathe?"

"Stag the Turk."

"It's got far on its tongue."

"Wonder if it's harmless?"

"Get onto the clothes!"

"Stick a pin in it, and see if it will squeal!"

"Bet it's a cotton-mouth!"
Maloney's face grew red.
His fingers fairly tingled to get a hold of some of those young jokers.

But he kept on until nearly to his seat, when a fat boy, with bulging cheeks and a short-cropped head, giggled forth:

"It must be a hypothenuse!"

That was the last straw.

The typical camel's back was spinally disarranged.

Uttering an exclamation of anger, Maloney picked up the fat boy by the back of the neck and the coat-collar.

The fat boy's face grew the color of chalk.

"Help—ow!—ouch!" screeched he.

His cry was ineffectual.

Maloney's clutch only tightened the more.

"Bad cess to yez, piggy-mouth," he ejaculated, "it's rob yez av yer loife I will!"

There was an open window close at hand.

Maloney dragged the fat boy to it.

"Out ye go!" hissed he, as, exerting all of his strength, he hurled the fat boy through the window.

It was but a few feet to the ground below, but the ground below was covered with glass frames, which were protecting some pet cucumbers that the doctor had planted.

The fat boy landed spang on the frames.

Crash!

Crack!

Crick!

The pieces of shattered glass flew in all directions. The fat boy had broken half a dozen of them, sure.

Maloney's face was a chromo of triumph as he leaned out of the window and shook his fist at the fat boy, who was reposing, a spectacle of misery, amidst the ruins of the glass frames and cucumbers.

"What did I tell ye, ye fleshy young terrier?" yelled he. "Call me out av me roight rame again, will ye? I've got a good moind to jump out av the windy onto yez."

Meanwhile the dining-room was all confusion.

At Maloney's action, so sudden and unexpected, all were for a minute stupefied.

The doctor, however, was the first to regain his wits.

"Seize him," cried he, springing out of his seat.

The boys obeyed.

About nineteen of them piled upon Maloney at once.

He showed fight, but the odds were too great.

The whole nineteen tripped him up, and then proceeded to sit upon his body.

All that Maloney could do was to swear and threaten the bloodiest sort of future retribution.

The doctor, though, came to his rescue.

"Boys," ordered he, "get off."

They got.

"Go to your seats."

They went.

"Resume your meal."

They resumed.

"Now," said the doctor to Maloney, "you get up."

Maloney did so.

He was mad enough to choke anybody, and he had a strong impulse to fly at the doctor and pitch him out of the window as company for the fat boy.

There was a determined look in the little doctor's eyes, that told him, though, that such a procedure might not be as easy as would seem at first appearance.

He hesitated.

The doctor perceived his advantage.

"Maloney," said he, "go to my study at once."

"Don't know where it is," sulkily said Maloney.

"Morris?" called the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"Show Maloney my study. I will be up immediately after supper."

Morris dutifully arose and led the way out of the dining-room.

Maloney slunk behind.

"Be hivens, I wish I wur supplied wid a can av dynamite," muttered he; "I wud blow up the whole old school! Shure I wish I had a match, I would set foire to the sthairecase, anyway."

Once outside of the doctor's eyes, Bob turned to Maloney.

"Crickey, I'm sorry for you," observed he.

"Bout what?" growled Maloney.

"You'll soon find out."

"I will?"

"You bet! You're going to the doctor's study, ain't you?"

"Yis."

"Know what he will do when he gets you there?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. On the floor he's got a big wooden cross shaped like an 'X.'"

"I don't care if it is shaped loike a 'Z!'"

"But you will. He'll strap you to it."

"He ain't able."

"Maybe not, alone, but he will call in the two gardeners to help him."

"I'll lick the three."

"In your mind. Seen the two gardeners yet?"

"No."

"They're only six feet high, and weigh two hundred and ten pounds apiece. Little canary-like creatures, you know. As I was saying, you will be pinioned down to the cross, and then the doctor will bring forth his cat-o-nine-tails. Each leather tail is as thick as your thumb, and studded with tacks. How he will lay it on! Phew, you will be lucky if you get out of bed in a month."

Just then the study was reached.

"There you are," said Bob; "that white door. Go right in. So long; I hope you won't faint."

Maloney entered the study.

His first glance was at the floor, in search of the "X" cross described by Bob.

It was not there.

A further survey of the study denoted that it was just what its name conveyed.

Several book-cases filled with volumes, a handsome desk, a center-table, with a student lamp and a few ornaments upon it, a sofa and several chairs comprised the furniture. Upon the top of the book-case were various busts of celebrated scholars.

It did not look like the torture-chamber mentioned by Bob at all.

Maloney began to breathe easier.

"I belave the kid wur a-giving me glue," he soliloquized. "If he has got a cross around anywhere it must be out in the hall."

He sat and waited for the doctor's arrival.

Probably it was only about five minutes before that dread personage arrived.

But to Maloney it seemed five hours.

You know, most of you, how nice it is to be waiting at school, all alone in some room, for the appearance of the teacher who has hauled you over the coals for some offense or another, and from whom you expect to receive a good caning.

By and by Maloney's suspense was ended.

A step was heard on the stairs.

It was the doctor's.

And soon the doctor appeared.

Maloney glanced furtively at him.

Thank Heaven!

The doctor was alone.

He did not carry any cross.

Neither were the two gardeners with him.

And also was the cat-o-nine-tails missing.

The doctor took his seat at his desk.

To Maloney's joyful surprise his face did not bear an angry look.

On the reverse, it seemed quite pleasant.

"Master Maloney," began the doctor, "do you know what you have done—what has been the result of your throwing Master Dobbs out of the window?"

"Phat, sur?" feebly asked Maloney.

"He is quite seriously injured. In fact, not as yet has he succeeded in entirely extracting the pieces of glass from his anatomy. Now, Maloney, our action toward him seems inexplicable to me. What did he ever do to you?"

Maloney arose.

"Ye yesilf wud not have stood it!" excitedly he said.

"Stood wha'?"

"The insul's he gave me."

"He insulted you?"

"Yis, sur."

"In what manner?"

"Be hivens, sur!" and Maloney's eyes flashed fire—"the juvenile Jumbo called me a hypothenuse—a hypothenuse, sur; think av it, and mesilf had niver injured him!"

PART VI.

The doctor could not help smiling at Maloney's warmth of manner.

"Are you aware, Maloney," queried he, "of the true significance of the term 'hypothenuse'?"

"Be jabbers, yes!"

"What does it mean?"

"A deadly insult, sir."

"Cannot you give a plainer definition?"

"Isn't that sufficient? I will tell yez now for iver, Docthur Pepper, that whoever calls me by any such name has got to suffer the results."

"The term 'hypothenuse' is but a geometrical allusion."

"A what kind av allusion?"

"Geometrical."

"What is that?"

"The name of a study."

"I don't care if it wur the name av a whole flock av studies; no man can call me that," and Maloney defiantly folded his arms and glared at the school-master.

At first Dr. Pepper thought of explaining to him the meaning of the word which had so waked up Maloney's ire.

On second thought, however, he decided not to do so; a scheme which he had in his head for the profit of his pocket, he wisely decided would be better to broach than to try and elucidate old occurrences.

"Maloney," said he, in his silkiest tones, as he played with an ivory-handled paper-cutter, "you have not been here for a day yet."

"No, sir," promptly answered Maloney. "Hardly the quarter av it; but, shure, docthur, dear, I have had experience enough for a week."

"That was my surmise," uttered the doctor. "Now the fallacy of your desires is most palpably evident."

Maloney twisted upon his chair.

"Docthur, will ye grant me a favor?" requested he.

"What is it?"

Maloney twisted around more.

He fumbled his thumbs and looked silly.

Finally he broke out with:

"Ye well know that I am not gifted wid a collegiate educathion, and if ye wud spake in wurds av wan or two syllables, it is catch on the quicker wur I. What ye mane by the fallacy av me desoires being palpably evident, is more thin I undherstand."

"To put it in language suitable to your comprehension," returned the doctor, "your idea of being a school-boy, commingling with those who, if your equals in education, are far beneath you in years, is very absurd. Have not yet realized that?"

Maloney mentally reflected.

During the few hours that he had been at Laurel Hall, what a nice time he had had.

He, a man grown, old enough to be the father of any pupil there, had been the victim of all the jokes played by a lot of mischievous lads.

The episodes of the A B C class (for such was the term by which the lowest class was designated) came back to his mind. He felt that he could not endure another dose of them.

"I belave yez are roight, docthur," at last said he.

"Of course I am," the doctor answered. "And now, Maloney, I will make you a proposition."

"Go ahead."

"I believe that our original agreement was that you should pay me seventy-five dollars a quarter, the regular tuition rate."

"Yis, sor."

"Well, now"—here the doctor toyed idly with his watch-chain, as if the acceptance or rejection of the offer he was about to make did not concern him at all—"for your own benefit I will take you as a private pupil."

"A private pupil?" ejaculated Maloney.

"Yes."

"What is that?"

"You are not obliged to mix with my other scholars at all."

"Thank heavens!"

"You will have a room to yourself."

"The soize av me feet calls for wan."

"You will study whenever you desire, and reside at your own convenience."

"That tickles me."

"And also, your meals will be served to yourself, individually. The bill of fare will be vastly superior to that furnished the other pupils."

"Begorra, I hope so," replied Maloney, as he recollected the petrified sandwiches which had been the principal part of the noonday meal. "I have a saycret idea that if I thrived to live off av yez regular grub, it is a living skeleton wud I be widin six days."

The doctor did not notice the slur upon his culinary arrangements.

Or, if he did, he pretended not to notice it.

"I am glad, Maloney," said he, "that you appear to concur with my views upon the subject."

The only point we now have to confer on is a pecuniary one. As I mentioned before, now you are paying me seventy-five dollars a quarter. But, when you become a private pupil, with your own room, your own choice as regards studies and recitations, necessarily I will be compelled to charge a trifle extra—say two hundred dollars."

"Wid or widout the other seventy-foive?" interrogated Maloney.

"With, of course."

Maloney hesitated.

"Ain't that a bit expensive?" he asked.

"Not at all," returned the doctor. "It is bare-

ly sufficient to cover the extra expense which I will be put to on your account. If you do not wish to accept the offer there is no compulsion; none whatever. If you do not, then I will be necessitated to investigate the throwing out of the window of Master Dobbs by you. The punishment is—"

Maloney waited to hear no more.

Maybe, after all, the "X"-shaped cross, the two burly gardeners and the cat-o'-nine-tails, with the tacks fastened in each tail, were realities, and not the chimeras of Bob Morris' imagination.

"I'll agree," hurriedly said he.

The doctor's demeanor became more genial than ever.

"It will be the best for all parties," said he; "and, Mr. Maloney, you have failed to have your supper. Come down to my private apartments and I will see what can be done."

The doctor arose, and Maloney followed his example.

The doctor, passing along a short corridor and down a flight of stairs, led Maloney to a neatly-furnished dining-room—his own private one.

A big, strapping negro wench, black as tar, was fixing up the apartment.

"Hannah!" called the doctor.

"Yes, sah," responded she.

"What have you for supper?"

"De private suppah?"

"Yes."

"Dere am cold chicken."

"What else?"

"Little asparagus, sah."

"That all?"

"'Cept boiled potatoes and cabbage."

"Bring them for this gentleman"—now that Maloney was a private pupil, the doctor, fly man that he was, could well afford to call him gentleman—"and, Hannah!"

"Yes, sah."

"Hereafter Mr. Maloney will take his meals apart from the other scholars. He will fare the same as I."

Hannah understood.

The meal was served, and Maloney did not fail to get away with it at a Maud S. pace.

He felt a good deal better afterward.

And he felt better yet when Hannah came up with a cigar in a tumbler.

"De doctah's compliments," said she; "he suspected dat youse might like a refresher."

"Bedad, he ain't so bad after all. Tell him it is meself who is his debtor," replied Maloney. "And it is much obliged to yeseff, ye sun-tanned beauty, for bhringing it to me."

Hannah did not appear at all displeased at the compliment. What woman ever was?

"Go 'long," she answered with a grin, as she flirted out of the room.

Lighting his cigar, Maloney drew his chair to the window.

It was open.

A balmy breeze was blowing in.

He cocked his feet upon the sill.

He drew at his cigar.

The result was satisfactory; the cigar was good.

Borne upon the breezes came the soft scent of the early roses and the faint fragrance of the clovers. From where Maloney sat he had a splendid view. All about were the green fields and leafy trees, with every here and there some handsome country house or cottage. And away off to his right lay the Sound, its silvery waters sparkling in the last rays of the setting sun.

A peaceful calm came over him.

"Troth, this is foine," soliloquized he; "If I had a pen handy I could write a poem upon twilight. Arrah, there is nothing loike being a private pupil. 'Dade, but I belave that for another hundred a quatter the docthur wud allow me the privilege av getting dhrunk daily."

Just then the door opened.

Tom Ready appeared.

He started back at the sight of Maloney, and gave vent to a whistle of surprise.

"Well, well, old un," said he, "you are taking it soft."

"Can't help it; got to do it; 'tis me nathure," carelessly rejoined Maloney.

"But how did you work it?"

"What?"

"The snap."

"Phat the devil do yez mane by snap?"

"The fud, of course."

"Will yez plaze spake dacent? 'Fad!' I know not its meaning."

"Oh, go brush the dust off your mouth—pull the cotton out of your ears!" said Tom. "You wouldn't take a fall out of yourself if you could. I mean how is it that you are sitting in the doctor's own chair smoking a cigar, with your trotters on the window-sill, a-trying to mash some evening stu?"

"The explanation is aisy," nonchalantly said Maloney, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

"Explain, then."

"Me beauty did it. The docthur said that I wur too swate to mingle wid the rest av yez fellows."

"Get out!"

"Fact. Ask him if ye don't belave it."

"Nonsense! Tell me really."

"Tell yez really phat?"

"How you got here."

"Bekase I have become wan av the nobility."

"What's that?"

"I am now a private pupil. Salute me, you young rascal!"

Then, tired of chaffing, Maloney related the facts of the case as they were.

"Don't ye think I did roight?" he queried.

"Cert," commended Tom; "that is what I wanted you to do at first."

"Wish I had, now," said Maloney, "but it is all right now. Be the way, wud ye not loike to be a private pupil, too?"

Tom shook his head.

"No," replied he, "I ain't blue-blooded enough. If you don't mind I would rather stay with the other boys."

So he would.

It was perfectly natural that he should. As we have already stated, Tom had been through school before, and the lessons at Dr. Pepper's, therefore, occasioned him but little trouble. He could have lots more fun with fellows of his own age than he could if he was to go almost exclusively with the old boy. Besides, how much better he could put up jobs on said old boy, for although Tom was grateful to Maloney for the kindness done him, but still, boy-like, he didn't think it any harm to make him a butt.

"Well, suit yeseff," said Maloney. "How did ye happen to come up here, anyway?"

"The doc sent me after his cane."

"To lick ye wid?"

"No—he's going out for a walk."

"Tell him he can go if he behaves himself," and Maloney proceeded with the puffing of his cigar.

"I'll tell him," grinned Tom, and having got the cane of which he was in quest, he went down-stairs again with a cheerful "so long, old un."

Maloney smoked on.

Day darkened to twilight, twilight to night.

Gradually Maloney felt drowsiness stealing over him.

His eyes closed.

His head fell forward upon his breast.

The cigar, what was left of it, dropped to the floor.

And when some early owl gave its first hoot from the woods, which lay to one side of the school, Maloney was fast asleep.

He was awakened an hour later by somebody shaking him.

The somebody was Hannah.

"Wake up, sah," said she.

"What for?" sleepily demanded Maloney.

"Time fo' to go to bed."

"Where wur it?"

"The bed?"

"Yes. Bring me wan."

"Youse got fo' to sleep wid de common trash to-night, so de doctah says, acos de room dat am pinted fo' youse ain't ready yet."

"'Tis not meself that cares," answered Maloney, rising and yawning; "it is slapy enough am I to slape in a ditch. Where do I go now?"

"De second dormitory."

"As I have not a map av the house in me pocket, I don't know where that is at all."

"Den come wid me. Ise'll show youse."

Hardly yet fully awake, Maloney followed his sable conductress.

She led him to the same sleeping apartment where he had been with Bob Morris, to exchange clothes after his dispute with Temperance Honesty.

The boys were just about retiring, but were not hurrying particular about it, as it was only nine o'clock, and they were allowed till half-past nine before the lights were put out.

"Heah youse am," said Hannah, ushering him in. "Dah's a vacant bed in de cornah," and then she faded away.

Maloney's advent was boisterously received by the inhabitants of the dormitory.

"Hello, stuff."

"Here comes the old man some more."

"With Hannah!"

"Oh, Maloney!"

"After colored society!"

"Look out for Temperance Honesty! He's Hannah's mash!"

"He'll lick you some more."

"Ain't white people good enough for you?"

"No accounting for tastes."

"Bet he's engaged to her already."

Maloney stood the chaffing good-naturedly.

"I just come here, byes, for yez to have some fun wid me," said he, "but plaze postpone it till some other toime. It is dead wid want av the slape that I am."

Bob Morris solemnly gazed at the speaker.

"Do you really expect that you are going to sleep now?" he questioned.

Maloney looked at the questioner in surprise.

"That is me intention," answered he.

"Then you better shake it."

"What?"

"The intention."

"And why?"

"You won't get to sleep for a couple of hours."

"Are there bugs in the bed?"

"No; but the reason that I tell you that slumber won't crawl upon you very soon is that you have got to conform to the regular custom of the school."

"That's what?"

"What is it, fellows?" appealed Bob, turning to his companions.

With marvelous concordance came the response:

"Treat!"

Maloney seemed a little bewildered at the answer.

"How in the worruld can I threat," said he, "unless" (a happy thought striking him) "ye have a concealed bar somewheres—or maybe there is a saycret still beneath one of the beds."

"Oh, we don't mean that kind of a treat," explained Bob. "We are all Blue Ribboners here."

"Thin tell me what yez do mane."

"With the greatest of pleasure," said Bob, bowing with mock politeness. "Down the road, about an eighth of a mile away, there lurks a store, a small, ungauddy structure, kept by an ancient virgin known as Miss Page. In that store can be found all manner of toothsome delicacies, from the flaky mince-pie to the lard-fried doughnuts; also bull's-eyes, lozenges, cigarettes, and root-beer. Now it is almost a law, akin to the Medes and Persians, that a new scholar must, upon the first night of his arrival, go down to Miss Page's, armed with a basket, and procure sufficient edibles, also liquid in the form of bottled root-beer."

Maloney kicked.

"I'll be blessed if I thramp out to-night to provide yez gossoms wid a free lunch," said he. "The idea av a man av me years pedestrianating over a road that I know nothing about to a place that I niver heard av to get poi and root-beer. Foine spectacle will I presint."

Bob shrugged his shoulders.

"Suit yeseff," said he; "you refuse to treat?"

"Wid emphasis!"

"You will not revoke your decision?"

"Niver."

"Then I'm sorry for you. Boys, are you ready?"

"Yes," came from all around.

"Seize him and grip the tosser."

Before Maloney fairly knew what had occurred, he was seized by half a dozen of the boys—youths, perhaps, would be the better name for them, as this especial dormitory was exclusively occupied by the members of the higher classes, whose ages ranged from sixteen to twenty, and who, many of them, were Maloney's physical superiors.

As if by magic a blanket appeared.

The blanket was what Bob had referred to as the "tossor."

It was caught hold of by about ten of Maloney's compulsory associates and stretched out.

"In with the victim," ordered Bob.

Quick as a flash Maloney was pitched into the blanket. It was done so quickly that his breath was almost taken away.

"Ready?" cried Bob.

"Aye, aye!" replied the boys.

"Ooe!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

As the word three left Bob's mouth Maloney was tossed by the blanket-holders up to the ceiling.

Down he came, only to have the operation repeated.

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" begged he.

"Not just yet," calmly answered Bob. "You have so far been tossed only twice. Eighteen tosses yet await you. You see, we make twenty a dose."

"Shure, yez mane to kill me," spoke Maloney. "Oh, no. Some people live through the twenty. But, candidly, the seventeenth or eighteenth usually kills," said Bob. "Up with him again."

And again did Maloney fly upward.

As he came down one of the blanket-holders let go of his grip.

The blanket sagged, and Maloney slid out upon the floor.

He rolled over, and in a minute was upon his feet.

"Byes," cried he, "it's meself that has had enough. Me flesh is not pork, and I am no hog. I'll threat, if ye give me the basket."

Bob patted him on the back. "Now you are talking sense," said he. "Buggins, bring forth the basket and the rope."

Buggins, a freckled-faced youth of saturnine countenance, produced from some secret depository a market basket and a coil of rope.

To the end of the rope was attached a stout iron hook.

Maloney viewed the rope wonderingly.

"What is that for?" queried he.

"For you to go down," informed Bob.

"Down where?"

"On the outside of the school."

"How?"

"Can't you guess? Do you suppose that the doctor will let you walk out of the school this time of night? Not much. We fasten the rope to the window-sill and slide down it."

"How far is it to the ground?"

"Only three stories."

Maloney's face evinced strong disgust.

"Not a bit will I slide down any av yez ropes," he said. "Do yer think it wud afford me any pleasure to fracture me neck?"

However, Tom Ready got hold of him.

Tom, as you know, had a great deal of influence with the old boy, and by dint of argument he at last persuaded Maloney that it was his duty to make the slide, as he had given his word to the boys that he would give them the "treat."

So the hook was adjusted upon the window-sill, and the rope dangled down.

Assisted by the boys, his basket upon one arm, Maloney crawled out of the window, grabbed the rope, and cautiously began his descent.

Hand-over-hand he went until the second story of the school was reached.

Then the moon, which had previously been hid behind a cloud, came out.

Almost simultaneously he heard a bark.

Looking down, Maloney felt a cold chill of terror crawl over him.

There, at the bottom of the rope, squatted a huge bull-dog, with blood-shot eyes and jaws all agape!

PART VII.

MALONEY'S predicament was a nice one.

There was he, climbing down the rope, a basket in his arms.

At the upper end of the rope was a window-sill.

At the lower end was a bull-dog.

Not a pleasant appearing bull-dog, either.

But a bull-dog with blood-shot eyes, protruding jaws, and a red tongue, which slipping ever and anon from between his rows of molars, threatened instant demolition to the one who would be brave enough to encounter his anger.

Maloney hesitated.

If it had been possible he would have tried to ascend the rope.

But not having served a nautical apprenticeship, he realized his inability to do so. Anybody can slide down a rope, but it requires considerable experience to slide up one.

So Maloney faltered.

What would he do?

Fate, however, came to his aid.

Crack!

Crack!

The rope parted!

Down went he.

He closed his eyes as he fell.

Terrible thoughts flashed through his brain.

He would be a sure victim for that awful, gory-jawed dog; he would be crunched and munched up by those wicked-looking teeth into a bloody mass of flesh and bone.

He struck the ground.

A fearful howl saluted his ears.

"Begorra, I'm gone; the saints have mercy upon me!" he ejaculated.

Another howl followed.

One of disappointed fury.

As yet the dog's teeth had not come into contact with Maloney's flesh.

What could it mean?

Why was not the brute making a free lunch off of him?

Maloney could not understand it.

So he opened his eyes.

The moon was shining brightly, and objects could be plainly seen.

Maloney beheld the bull-dog.

It was a perfect picture of canine rage.

And why did it not spring forward and devour Maloney at once?

Simply because what Maloney had not observed before, the dog was securely chained to a post, and the chain was just long enough to enable him not to reach Maloney, who, after he had fallen, had rolled several feet to one side.

A happy Pat was Maloney when he found out the fact that the dog was harmless.

He crawled upon his feet in glee, with his basket still firmly retained upon his arm.

He gesticulated insultingly at the dog.

"Bad cess to ye for an ugly tarrier," said he.

"Come off av that chain and I'll strangle the loife out av ye. Ye think I am afraid; not a bit av it."

The bull-dog yelped with ire and tugged at his chain. Maloney danced around him with the basket.

"Yell all ye want to," cried he. "I can break yez jaw wid wan kick."

Just then there came a whistle from above.

Maloney looked up.

Tom Ready was leaning out of the window.

"Maloney!" called he, in a low voice.

"Well?" answered Maloney.

"Git!"

"What?"

"Git. Leave the dog alone."

"Faix, he insulted me."

"Well, if he breaks the chain he will eat you."

Hurry up to Miss Page's."

"Wait a minute."

"What for?"

"I desoire to have some fun wid the dog."

"Nonsense! Don't you know that he will alarm the whole neighborhood? Climb."

Maloney did so regretfully.

"I wud give a year av me loife," he soliloquized, "if I only had a brick. Shure, I wud bate the skull av him in!"

The brick, though, not being present, Maloney could not carry out such a pleasurable scheme.

So he tramped to the wall which surrounded the school-yard.

First he tried to go out of the gate.

N. G.—no go.

The gate was firmly fastened.

He could not egress that way.

What was he to do?

He scratched his head for inspiration.

It came to him.

He would climb over the wall.

Unfortunately the wall was about two feet taller than he was.

How was he going to reach the top and draw himself up.

He had to consider over this new problem for quite awhile before the solution occurred to him.

The basket was quite a high one. He would put it down on the ground, get on top of it, and, grasping the top of the wall, draw himself up.

The top of the wall was spiked.

But the spikes were far enough apart to enable him to get his hands between two.

Then he carried out his programme.

Soon he was up on the wall.

A grin of satisfaction came over his countenance.

"Me fertility av inventhion is only aiquiled by me good lucks," he smiled to himself.

Hardly, though, had he smiled before he realized that he had smiled too soon.

He didn't have his basket.

It glimmered in the moonlight on the ground.

With a sigh Maloney dropped down from the wall again.

Now what was to be done?

For the third time did he have to put his wits to work.

For the third time did they find him a way out of his trouble.

There was in his pocket a string.

Taking the string, which was a long one, he tied one end to the handle of the basket; the other end he fastened securely to the button of his coat.

Then jumping upon the basket, he scrambled up on top of the wall again.

Triumphantly he drew the basket up after him by means of the string.

"'Tis a frozen day whin I can't kape war-rum," he observed. "Now for me descent upon the other side."

Detaching the string from himself, he placed the basket in its old position on his arm.

"Wau—two—three—down go we!" cried he.

He slid off.

Not far, though.

Alas for poor Maloney!

Whether in trying to jump down he had altered his position unwittingly, or what, anyway one of the spikes caught in his pants.

There he was suspended in space.

All that was visible above the wall was his posterior.

He frantically tried to free himself, even at the risk of falling down head-first and breaking his neck.

He could not succeed.

The fabric of his borrowed pants was too strong; the spike, too, was meant to stay where it was.

In a nice fix now was Maloney.

A fix which it seemed that he could not get out of without foreign help.

At last he was forced to realize this fact.

He looked up the road and down the road.

There was no one to be seen.

And no probability of any one being seen.

"Whirra! Whirra!" he groaned. "I am in a worse fix nor Absalom. He wur hung by his hair, whole I, be heavens! am hung by me pants!"

Reluctantly he felt that his only resource was to appeal for help to the school.

"Help! help!" bawled he.

All was still for a while.

Naught but the hoot of an owl from the woods near by disturbed the silence.

Maloney yelled again:

"Help! help!"

No response.

None but that of the callous owl.

"Bedad, am I to die here?" wailed Maloney.

"Help, help, HELP!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Pepper had been awakened by Maloney's first yell, for the doctor, like most pedagogues, was a light sleeper.

He listened.

The cry was repeated.

The doctor tumbled out of bed.

"Somebody must be in distress, and outside of the school, too," he uttered.

Slipping on a pair of slippers and donning a light overcoat over his night-shirt, he hurried to the next room, where Mr. Brown slept.

He rapped at the door.

"What is it?" sleepily queried Mr. Brown.

"Wake up."

"Who's there?"

"Me."

"Dr. Pepper?"

"Yes."

Mr. Brown hastily arose, pulled on his pants, and opened the door.

"The house ain't a-fire, is it?" queried he, in alarm.

"No, no!"

"You sick?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Listen. There is some poor soul in distress outside."

As the doctor spoke the appeals for help were renewed.

"Sure enough," uttered Mr. Brown. "I will wake up Herr Franx."

Herr Franx was the German teacher—a fat-faced man, with a ruddy complexion and a profusion of whiskers. Upon being summoned, he responded in his night-cap and dressing gown.

"Vot vos ub?" asked he.

Mr. Brown hastily explained.

"We must see to id at vance," said the German teacher. "Let us oud go forth."

The three went down-stairs.

At the foot of the stairs Temperance Honesty slept in a little room off of the hall.

"Had not we better awaken the negro?" suggested Mr. Brown. "There is no telling what may be the matter outside."

The doctor thought the idea a good one.

Accordingly, after a good of difficulty, the ducky was awakened into life.

His first inquiry was like that of the two teachers—for what reason had he been awakened?

The doctor told him.

Temperance Honesty's face paled; that is, if a colored gentleman's face can pale.

"Doctah," said he, "you must scuze me."

"What about?"

"Going out wid youse."

"Why?"

"I—I—"

"Come, hurry up."

"I se—"

"You vos avraids," plainly said Herr Franx; "dot vos dot vot vos all you."

Temperance Honesty tried to bluster to the contrary, but the doctor cut him short.

"Put on your clothes and come," ordered he; "there—there, hearken!"

"Sure enough, then rang in their ears Maloney's plaintive cry of 'Help! help!'"

Temperance Honesty's teeth chattered.

His knees shook.

"Doctah, doctah!" begged he, "fo' de Lawd's sake, don't youse gwine out!"

"Why not?" asked the doctor.
 "It am a decoy."
 "A what?"
 "Decoy."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Dey am robbahs outside. Dey's sendin' up dat yeah cry fo' to get youse out an' den murdah youse. I'se know all 'bout it, bekase I'se hab read ob it in books. No, sah, dis here gemman doan't want fo' to die jes yet."
 The doctor's brow darkened.
 "Temperance, you have got to come; that's all," uttered he. "No nonsense."
 The coon saw that the doctor meant business. He was afraid of the doctor.

So with many grumblings he drew on a pair of rubber boots and a patched army overcoat. That army overcoat formed the basis of Temperance Honesty's stoutly-persisted-in statement that he had been one of the warriors in the Army of the Potomac during our late unpleasantness.

Many were the tales he told of his career as a combatant.

To believe him it was he who by his own personal bravery had saved the nation. The yarns that he spun would have done credit to a Munchausen.

His tales, though, were generally disbelieved by the boys, especially Bob Morris.

Bob insisted that all of military life the darky had beheld was in picture papers, and that the famous army overcoat had been bought at a second-hand store.

However, Temperance Honesty appeared in it. In his hand he carried a weapon.

Said weapon was a rusty old musket, a veritable flint-lock one, a perfect relic of antiquity, gotten the Lord knows where.

Temperance Honesty's courage seemed to revive as his fingers clasped his beloved gun.

The German teacher held up his hands.

"Mein Gott! vot for dose cannon?" cried he.

"Dat was fo' protection," said Temperance Honesty, "fo' de death ob de robbahs. Dey won't want to tackle dat yeah joker mo' den once. In de wah, sah, I killed leben cavalrymen wid one shot, killed de hosses, too. Dot yeah ole gun am loaded wid a pound ob powdah an' a lot ob ole horseshoe nails. It am—"

"Come along," impatiently said the doctor, "the cries are being repeated!"

You bet they were.

Maloney was yelling for all that he was worth. His blood was running rapidly down to his head, and that useful part of his body began to feel like a dropsical pumpkin.

Silently out into the yard stole the doctor, Herr Franx, Mr. Smith, Temperance Honesty, the army overcoat, and the deadly musket.

The moon was at its best.

The cries for assistance rang out vividly.

"Where do they come from?" the doctor said.

"There!" suddenly ejaculated Mr. Smith.

"Where?"

"See the wall?"

"Yes."

"Look near the gate."

The doctor peered forward.

He shaded his eyes with the back of his hand, so as to obtain a better view.

"I see," at last he said.

"It is a dark form."

"Or part of one."

Temperance Honesty suddenly became on the qui vive.

"It am a man getting ober de fence—it am a robbah!" he exclaimed.

Before the others could prevent it, he had raised his musket.

Hurriedly he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

From the sound one would have thought that a powder mill had exploded.

The old gun had been loaded.

Too muchly.

At least for the darky's pleasure, for when the smoke had cleared away, he was seen lying about six feet in the rear of his gun, moaning piteously.

"Oh, Lawd! good Lawd? I'se a goner!" wailed he; "de dewa ob deaf am on my brow. Dem robbahs hab shot back and killed me dead!"

"It vos a bity dot dey vos not," said the German teacher; "if ever dere vos von tam—"

"Mr. Franx!" warningly observed the doctor.

"I vos mean not tam but a tangerous fool," corrected the other, as he went to where the darky was still rolling in fright and pain, and gave him a kick. "Get yourself up."

At this moment Mr. Smith cried:

"It's gone!"

"What?" asked the doctor.

"The man, or whatever else it was."

Mr. Smith's words were true.

Nothing could now be seen upon the top of the wall.

"Dot plack shackass maybe killed him last!" Herr Franx prophesied.

Meanwhile the noise of the musket report had woke up the whole school.

Boys' heads came out of windows like bees out of a startled hive.

"What is it?"

"Who done it?"

"What's the matter?"

"Who fired?"

"Any one killed?"

These were the questions poured forth.

In a state of negligee, Mr. Castor, the youngest master, came out of a door.

He was closely followed by Hannah, the charcoal belle, who had brought Maloney's supper the previous night. Hannah was not exactly dressed for a ball, either.

A blanket wrapped around her form, Indian-like, and one canvas-back slipper made up all of her visible wardrobe.

"What am it? what am it?" wailed she.

Now Temperance Honesty and Hannah were, to a certain extent, lovers; that is, it was generally understood around the school that at some future date they were to be riveted in the iron bond of matrimony.

Temperance heard her cry.

He raised himself up.

"Hannah! lubliest ob thy sex," bawled he, "I'se killed!"

"Where, oh, where are you?" asked Hannah.

"Heah!"

"Where?"

"On de ground!"

Hannah flew to him at once.

"Oh, Temperance!" she cried.

"Oh, Hannah!"

"Am youse killed, ducky?"

"Yes, sweetest."

"Where?"

"In de jaw."

"Am it fatal?"

"Mo' dan dat."

"Wuss?"

"Good deal."

"How?"

"De wound am mortal!"

Hannah raised the poor sufferer's head, and placed it in her lap.

"Oh, de lawd sabe us, de light ob my eyes gone!" shrieked she. "Killed! oh, how?"

"De robbahs," faintly returned Temperance Honesty; "dere wuz eight ob dem. I blew six ob dem to pieces, an' de eighth one knocked me down wid a cannon-ball."

"That will do," imperatively said Dr. Pepper.

"I have had enough of this nonsense, Temperance."

"Yes, sah."

"Get right up, go in the house, and put some arnica on your face where the gun kicked you; and, Hannah."

"Well, sah."

"You go in the house, too, or I'll discharge you."

Both obeyed. Temperance hobbling away, with the air of a man who had been blown up in a dynamite manufactory.

Then the doctor turned to the boys.

"There is nothing the matter at all," he said; "to your beds, every one of you. Mr. Castor will see that the pupils obey my orders."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Castor; and as much in the dark as anybody else regarding the cause of the uproar, he returned inside of the school-house to see that his superior's mandate was carried out.

The doctor, Herr Franx and Mr. Smith, next held a council.

What would they do next?

Herr Franx spoke very sensibly.

"Ve vill ourselves go to der vall und id look ofer," he ejaculated. "If der pullet fired der robber, or votefer id vos ad, vos some fatal, ve vill find him outside."

This suggestion was adopted.

The two moved to the wall.

But we won't keep you in suspense relative to Maloney any longer.

The whole army of missiles shot forth from the barrel of the darky's fire-arm had failed to harm Maloney.

The fright, though, occasioned by the unexpected discharge of the gun had done for Maloney that which all of his previous efforts had failed to do.

It had released him.

Startled at the explosion, he had given a fear-inspired jerk, which even the toughest fabric could not have withstood.

Rip!

Rip!

Rip!

His pants tore from the spike, and Maloney went down from the wall.

As he fell his head came in contact with a loose stone.

The stone was a trifle harder than his head, and the result was that Maloney was stunned for a couple of minutes.

He lay motionless where he had fallen.

Assisted by Mr. Smith, Herr Franx clambered onto the fence.

One sweep of the eye was sufficient to discover the prostrate figure of Maloney.

"Himmel!" exclaimed Herr Franx.

The exclamation was uttered in fearful tones. The doctor knew at once that something was the matter.

"What is it? Speak out!" he asked.

Herr Franx's face was as pale as a chunk of ice as he replied:

"Dere vos peen murder done!"

"What!" gasped the doctor and Mr. Smith simultaneously.

"Yost vot I say. Dot Demperance Honesty's shot vos haf peen effectual, for dere vos der pody of a man, all still und keviet und deadt, outside auf der fence."

PART VIII.

HERR FRANX'S words caused the doctor to pale. Here was a nice scandal.

A man dead.

Outside of his own walls.

Killed by a shot from one of his own servants.

Terrible visions of pig-headed coroners and inquisitive jurymen floated before the doctor's eyes. Why, it would be a great blow to the reputation of his school.

"Are you sure he's dead?" asked he.

Herr Franx gave his shoulders the national shrug.

"Vun vos not be nefer sure mit anydings," spoke he; "but since I look him upon not a muscle vos der dead man move. Like marble he vos."

The doctor resolved to see for himself.

He got upon the wall.

A glance convinced him that Herr Franx had spoken naught but the truth.

Rigid in the moonlight lay a human form, face downward, a basket upon his arm.

"You that basket behold?" queried Herr Franx.

"Yes," said the doctor.

"Dot id proves."

"Proves what?"

"He vos vot der darky say."

"A robber?"

"Yaw. Maype full of silver dot basket be."

The doctor did not feel very anxious on that score.

All of the silver on the knives, forks and spoons in the academy would not have made a three-cent piece. The purest of tin, he considered, was good enough for the boys.

"I don't think he was a robber," said the doctor.

"Vhy?"

"Robbers are prone to secrecy and silence, are they not?"

"Yaw, unless dey vos bolitical vuns."

"Then why did this fellow call out for help?"

The German teacher pulled his beard.

Truly it was a conundrum.

"I gifes it ub," answered he; "but vos not it goot for us to glamber der fence down und examine the man, votefer he vos?"

"Assuredly," and both the doctor and Herr Franx descended to the road outside.

In the meantime Maloney was coming to his senses.

He was partially conscious, but yet confused, when the doctor and Herr Franx approached him.

"Turn him over," said the doctor, "so that we can see his face. Queer! there appears to be no blood upon his clothes."

Herr Franx obeyed.

He took Maloney by the shoulders and rolled him over. The action brought Maloney to life.

Never did a dead man get resurrected quicker than did Maloney.

He sprang to his feet with fire in his eyes.

"Bad cess to ye," said he, squaring off at the astounded Herr Franx, "what the devil are ye at? Lave yez darty hands off av me, or I will cover the road wid yez flesh. Put up yez dukes; it is meself who can lick ye and the other monkey wid yez."

Doctor Pepper uttered an exclamation.

He recognized the revived corpse.

"Maloney!" gasped he.

At the sound of his name Maloney put down his fists.

"Who are ye that calls?" asked he.

"Me."

"Who's ye?"

"Look and see."

Maloney did as requested.

"Be jabbers?" he exclaimed, "It is Doethur Pepper."

The tone of the speech was friendly, but suddenly it altered.

A black cloud came across his face.

"Doethur," said he, "I desoire to put to yez an interrogathion."

"Proceed," said the doctor.

"Ye will answer it wid truthfulness?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, doethur, wur it ye who foired the cannon at me?"

"No, sir."

"Who did?"

"There was no cannon fired."

"Thin it wur a bomb-shell."

"Nothing but an old musket."

"Well, who set it off?"

"One of my servants."

"The naygur?"

"Yes."

"Be Heavens! I suspected it from the first. A scran to his liver-colored soul. It is churn him to pulp wid me fist will I at the first chance that I get at him. If I had me way, I wud put ivery naygur in the worruld at worruk in the coal-mines, and niver allow wan av thim to come above the surface."

"That will do," said the doctor. "Now let me ask you a question. Are you injured by the shot?"

Maloney drew himself up proudly.

"Not a bit," replied he. "It takes more than a naygur wid a cannon to hurt me. When I wur worruk for Contractor Hennessy wur I not blowed up eighty-foive feet by a blast, kept three minutes in the air, and kem down wid me poipe yet lit, widout a fracture? Shure, it wud take an army to bhreak me up."

To say that the doctor was relieved to find out that the dead man was no dead man at all, but simply the never-to-be-suppressed Maloney, but faintly expresses it.

An invisible weight had been lifted off of the little pedagogue's mind.

Still he could make no head nor tail of the night's adventure.

Where did Maloney come from?

What was he doing on the wall?

Where did he get the basket?

What was he playing dead for in the road?

These were mental conundrums which sadly bothered the doctor.

The only one who could answer them satisfactorily was Maloney himself.

Accordingly to him did the doctor say:

"Mr. Maloney, will you please give me some elucidation of your present predicament? It was you who cried for help, was it not?"

"Faix, it wur more than a cry, it wur a howl," rejoined Maloney.

"Why did you cry?"

"Why? Arrah, doethur, ye wud not ax the question if ye had been stuck on the wall loike meself."

"But how came you stuck?"

"Aisy. The omadhoun av a tailor who made the pants that I have on must have seated thim wid sheet-iron," and he proceeded to tell how he had been caught by the spike and how the sudden shock occasioned by the discharge of Temperance Honesty's musket had set him free.

"But," went on the doctor, "what possessed you to get onto the fence, anyway?"

"I wanted to climb over it. Do ye suppose I wint there for recreation?"

"Where were you going?"

"On an errand."

"An errand?"

"Yis."

"Who for?"

"The byes."

"What boys?"

"The perfect little gentlemen—God save the loil—that wur in the same slaping cell wid me. They tould me that if I did not go out to some ould maid down the road here and purchase poi and root-beer fur thim that I wur no thoroughbred. So loike a fool I wint."

"How did you pass the door?"

"I didn't pass at all."

"Then how did you get out?"

"Faix, I fled on a rope. A picnic had I of it, too. The rope bhroke and I nearly wur put to death by a bloody spol av a bull-dog. Whose dog is it?"

"Mine."

"What will you take fur it?"

"I don't want to dispose of it."

"I wish ye wud."

"Why?"

"I want it."

"What for?"

"To kill it by slow torture. Shure first I wud

bate its bhrairns out wid a crowbar, thin I wud roast it slowly in an oven, and afterwards feed it through a hay-cutther. I wud loike it to know that no bull-dog living can give me any guff. It is a holy terror am I from the rocks!"

Then Maloney proceeded to relate the rest of his adventures, with which our readers are already acquainted. Therefore we will not weary them with a repetition.

Suffice it to say that the doctor could scarce help smiling as he heard the narration.

"Oh, these bad boys of mine," he said, half-soliloquizing. "I don't know what I will do with them."

"I know what I wud do," put in Maloney.

"What?"

"Hang every wan av thim."

"That would be just a little too severe," laughed the doctor, and then suddenly recollecting something he beckoned to the German teacher, who had stood to one side while he was talking to Maloney.

"I believe, Mr. Franx," said the doctor, "that you are not acquainted with Mr. Maloney?"

"I haf der bleasure not," courteously responded Herr Franx.

"Then allow me to introduce you. Mr. Maloney, this is Mr. Franx, our German instructor. Mr. Franx, this is Mr. Maloney, a private pupil."

Herr Franx well knew what the emphasis on the word *private* meant, and he advanced and shook hands cordially.

"Tis meself who is plazed to see ye," said Maloney. "Me second father wur a German."

"Your second father!" ejaculated Herr Franx.

"How many fathers you vos haf?"

"Two."

"How vos dot?"

"Aisy."

"Oxplain."

"Me mother wur married twice."

Herr Franx could not understand such logic. He bowed gracefully and shrugged his shoulders again.

"I think that we had better go back to the school," said the doctor, who became suddenly aware that his garb was not particularly suited to open-air peregrinations, "and to-morrow, Mr. Maloney, I will take care that the boys who really were the origin of this, to say the least, not remarkably pleasant series of adventures, will be suitably punished."

By this time Maloney had recovered his usual good spirits.

He felt at peace with all the world, for he possessed the typical Hibernian nature—at one minute volcanic, the next peaceful as a mill-pond at twilight of a dog-day.

"Arrah, doethur, if I were ye I wud not bother the byes," he said.

"Why not?"

"They know no better. We used to do the same ourselves. Byes will be byes, especially school-byes."

Maybe it was that memory brought back to the doctor the scenes of his own school-days when he was a bright-eyed, merry lad, capable of all sorts of tricks, and had a firm and decided idea that teachers were constitutional tyrants, against whom acts of insubordination were perfectly lawful.

"Well, Mr. Maloney," the doctor said, after a minute's reflection, "to oblige you I will not take any farther steps in the matter. We will now retire to our rooms."

The doctor's proposition was followed.

Maloney went to his dormitory.

When he entered all seemed silence.

There were the two rows of cots, each inhabited by an apparently soundly-sleeping lad.

Maloney shut the door.

A marvelous change ensued.

"All right—wake!" said a voice.

Instantly the occupants of the beds reared up.

Now they were as wide awake a set of lads as one would wish to see.

One sprang out of bed.

Maloney easily recognized him.

It was Bob Morris.

"Hello, Stuif!" said he. "Where have you been, and what is all the racket about?"

"Twur meself that thought ye wur all dead," equivocated Maloney. "Whin I came in here the aspect av the place wur as boisterous as a country churchyard at midnight. What ailed ye?"

Bob gave him the wink.

"We didn't know it was you," said he.

"Who did yez suspect?"

"Old Torch-light."

"Who's he?"

"Your boss in the A B C class."

"But why do you call him Torch-light?"

"Don't you drop?"

"No."

"Want it given?"

"Av coorse."

"Because of his head. Have not you noticed the maroon shade of his hair? I tell you what, you could light a match by it. But, Maloney, you ain't answered my question yet."

"Which wan?"

"About what all the muss outside was. Who shot off that cannon?"

Maloney's face darkened.

A scowl came over his brow.

"I know the man who let it go," said he.

"Who?"

"A darty smoked beef."

Bob divined the meaning of the term.

"You allude to Temperance Honesty?" said he.

"I do!" replied Maloney, with a grit of his teeth.

"But why did he fire it? Come, Maloney, tell us the whole affair. When the gun went off we were all awakened. We went to the windows, but a few minutes afterward Mr. Castor came up and told us to go back to bed."

"Koight he wur," put in Maloney, as he began to undress. "If I had me way, it is kape yez into yez beds all av me loife wud I, and strapped to thim, too. Howiver, I will satisfy yez curiosity."

And, true to his word, he proceeded to relate in detail his adventures.

His narrative was marred, though, by the chuckles which would ever and anon break forth from the boys.

He noticed this.

Commented upon it, too.

"Ye may giggle as much as yez plaze," said he, "but I bet that ye wud not have given vent to half-mast hilarity if ye had been dangling from a spoike in the wail-top loike I wur. But, begob, I got aven wid ye."

"How?" asked Tom Ready.

"I gave yez away," answered Maloney.

"To who?"

"Yez boss."

"The doctor?"

"Yis."

The occupants of the dormitory did not giggle or chuckle any more. Their mirth seemed to experience a sudden cessation.

Maloney noticed it.

He resolved to have a little fun with them, for after his disagreeable experience of the last hour or so, he naturally desired—for we are all flesh and blood—to get square on somebody.

"Yis," repeated he with a benign smile, "I tould the doethur how ye had sint me gallivanting down a hawser to procure ye root-beer and poi. He wur mad."

"Really?" anxiously queried a boy who had had the pleasure of receiving a severe caning that same morning, and who could not sit down without unpleasurable feelings.

"It wur not merely mad he wur," went on Maloney, "but more thin that. He wur woild. Yez will suffer for what ye have done. What do yez conjecture that the doethur said he wud do to yez?"

"What?" asked a dozen voices.

"Guess."

The boys, though, were in no humor to guess. They pressed Maloney for an explanation of what the doctor's supposable intentions were.

"Maybe I had not ought to tell yez," finally spoke he, "but out av friendship I will reveal it. To-morrow all av yez will be flogged, and for the next two weeks all that ye will get to ate will be barley-wather, more wather thin barley, sucked by yez through a sthraw—a sthraw wid air-holes in it, too. Oh, it is fierce as a hen wid wan chicken taken away from her, is he."

"Ah, what are you dealing us?" questioned Tom Ready, who had his reasons for disbelief in Maloney's statement.

"Nothing but what is straight."

"Straight lie," murmured Tom, but still for all that he was not quite sure but that Maloney might be telling the truth after all. It did not seem reasonable but that the doctor would visit punishment upon those who had violated the rules of the school by sending Maloney out with the basket after forbidden delicacies.

"See for yerself," replied Maloney; "shure, ye will foind me wurruds thrue on the morrow. As I said before, I gave every mother's son av ye away."

"Toll-tale," said somebody.

Maloney was unmoved.

"Bedad," said he, "if I had tould tales before I wud have been bether off. There seems to be an idea that I wur made for yez kids to have fun wid. The sooner ye unveil yerself of the notion the better it will be for yez. 'Twur meself who wur born on a vindictive bog."

"All right," cheerily spoke Bob Morris; "what

can't be cured must be salted. Know what time it is?"

With considerable ostentation Maloney pulled out his watch, a time-keeper about the size of a middle-aged pumpkin, and which might have, if occasion had required, done good service as a golden stung-shot.

"It lacks twelve o'clock by a quarter av," said he.

"Then we better all go to bed," said Bob.

Maloney smiled approvingly.

"Yez intellect is upon the advance," he said, "ye have made the best suggestion yet. It does ye credit."

"Thanks," and Bob tumbled into his bed.

The rest of the boys did the same.

Soon all was quiet again.

The boys appeared to have gone to sleep with surprising suddenness.

Maloney, however, could not seek the arms of Morpheus with the celerity displayed by them.

He had to get undressed first.

That was no easy task, for he, as you are already aware, was dressed in an old suit of Bob Morris', which fitted him as tightly as does the skin of a banana to the fruit itself.

It was about five minutes before he could get his coat off.

The removal of his vest occasioned him a good deal of difficulty, also.

Next came his pants, those sturdy pair of leg-sheathers, the stubbornness of whose texture had got Maloney into all of the trouble on the fence.

Maloney pulled.

Maloney tugged.

Maloney yanked.

The pants appeared determined to cling to him with all the affectionateness of a porous plaster.

At last, though, he did pull one leg off.

To pull the other one off it was necessary that he must stand upon one foot.

He tried it.

The result of his efforts to free himself from his remaining limb-cover was not successful.

Bang!

Whang!

Maloney fell to the floor with a sound thud.

Instantly the boys were all awake.

"Has the roof fell in?"

"Who dropped their teeth?"

"What freckle fell?"

"What exploded?"

"Who struck the bass drum?"

"Are we yet alive?"

"Any one killed?"

"So they asked, while a blush hovered over Maloney's face.

"Be quiet," objected he. "It wur only meself that fell over a pin."

"Lord save us!" grinned Tom Ready, "if you make all of that noise falling over a pin, what would you do if you fell over a telegraph pole?"

"None av yez business," answered Maloney, as he, by dint of head work and muscular ability, succeeded in getting his lower garments off.

"Go to shape."

Tom pretended to obey.

At least he closed his eyes.

With a bounce Maloney flung himself upon his cot.

A creak, a smash, and the cot flew apart, while water jetted all over Maloney, spurring up around him everywhere. Also could there be heard the sounds of breaking china.

The cause of it was easy.

The boys had so placed the cot that the least touch would wreck it.

And beneath they had placed about half a dozen of their wash basins filled to the brim with water.

PART IX.

MALONEY was at first so surprised by his sudden fall that he did not know what to make out of it.

The water, though, which had spouted upon his person, was uncomfortably wet.

It soon brought him to his senses.

The giggles of the boys told him that there was a joke of some kind connected with his fall.

He scrambled out from the ruins of the bed and surveyed the wreck.

A glance or two told him the story.

He did not get mad.

Oh, no!

He went back to bed without a demur.

Of course.

Well, he didn't.

He started a perfect hurricane.

"Be heavens!" yelled he; "it is masquerade the whole gang av ye, will I. What do yez take me for? The idea av yez daring to do such a monkey thrick upon a man av me age? Falx, I am ould enough to be parents to any av yez. It is revenge I will have. I'll—"

"Be still," begged Bob Morris, in an agony of apprehension. "The doctor will hear you."

"Just what I want him to do!" shouted Maloney. "I hope he will come up here and lather the skin off all av yez. Luk at me; I luk loike a Vaynus roising from a gutter. The wather is falling from ivery fold av me noight-shirt!"

"Oh, no it ain't," quietly contradicted Bob.

"Why?"

"It is my night-shirt, not yours."

"Bedad, yez wud split a sthraw to make a load of grain weigh even," said Maloney. "It is meself who is off now to give yez away to the doctor."

The boys gathered around him.

They began to cajole him.

"Don't."

"Please don't."

"You wouldn't be a tell-tale?"

"We just did it for fun."

"No harm meant."

"You wasn't wet much."

"Let us off this time."

"We'll never do it again."

"Don't play snea."

To which entreaties the youngest boy in the class offered to him, as a bribe for silence, a valuable wooden top without a peg, and a bow-gun of great merit, without any bow.

Maloney weakened.

At last he allowed himself to be mollified.

"Well, byes," said he, "I will kape me tongue betwaine me teeth, but moind ye, it is the last toime that I will do it."

"Hurrah! bully for Maloney," cried the youngest boy. "Hip, hip!" but the youngest boy was summarily squelched.

Tom Ready put his hand over the cheerer's mouth.

"You little shrimp," said he, "you want to wake up the whole house, do you? Put your cheeks upon ice until to-morrow."

Meanwhile, the boys had gone to work and fixed Maloney's bed all right again.

"There you are, a regular bed of roses," laughed Bob Morris. "Into bed with you."

Maloney obeyed.

But he felt of his bed first, you can bet, to be sure that it wasn't going to come down some more.

Soon all was quiet.

One by one the boys dropped off to sleep.

There was one person wide awake, though, in that dormitory.

It was Maloney.

Somehow he could not get asleep.

He was wide awake as a crow.

Realizing after a series of vain attempts that slumber was not for him just then, he began thinking, something which, we will own, he did not often indulge in.

His thoughts were naturally of the experiences of the day. Never, it seemed to him, had so much adventure—adventure of an unpleasant nature—been crowded into one day.

"I have fell into a well, kicked a naygur, threw a bye out av a windy, wint down a rope wid a basket, got stuck on a fence, been shot at by a cannon, fell through me cot. St. Patrick knows what else I've done, and it wur directly or indirectly the fault av those devils av byes. If I could only think av some way to get square wid them I wud carol wid deloight!

A brilliant idea occurred to him.

He resolved to adopt it.

Stealthily he got out of bed.

Quietly as a midnight marauder he crept over the bare floor.

Piled neatly upon a chair at the side of each boy's bed were his clothes.

Around the room went Maloney grabbing the clothes. Cautiously he placed them in a heap near the door.

After several journeys to and fro he secured all of the sleepers' garments. Next he went after the shoes and socks, which were tucked away beneath the beds.

They were soon deposited on top of the clothing heap.

He surveyed his work with satisfaction.

"How they will wail whin they foind their clothes have left," grinned he. "They will realize that it is meself who is dangerous to thrifle wid."

He looked around the room.

Where would be a good place to hide his booty?

He soon found out that if he looked till he was blind he could find no place, because there wasn't any. The dormitory was as devoid of places of concealment as a solid brick wall.

He scratched his head.

Here was a fix.

Where could he put the clothes?

He thought over the subject for quite a while, until all at once his face brightened.

He recollected while coming along the hall having seen a closet, which one of the boys had told him was used as a receptacle for old riff-raff, broken chairs, disabled benches, worn-out books, etc.

He would put his acquisition there.

He tried the dormitory door.

It was unlocked. It always was, so that in case of fire or panic the boys could easily escape.

He opened it.

Grabbing an armful of clothes and shoes and socks he stole out into the hall.

By the aid of the friendly moonlight he was able to see the closet.

That, too, was unlocked.

Opening the door, he deposited his load upon the floor.

After four or five journeys, he got all of his wrongfully-gotten property into the closet.

With a triumphant grin he went back to the dormitory.

All as yet soundly slept.

Maloney felt more mischievous than ever.

What other mischief could he do?

It came to him soon enough.

Over each boy's head suspended by a string from a peg in the wall, hung a brush and comb.

Maloney got every one of them with a dexterity worthy of a professional thief.

He felt too lazy to carry them to the closet, and so he resolved to dispose of them otherwise.

An open window of the dormitory caught his eye.

Why not pitch them out of there?

He concluded to do it.

A few feet from the window, which, by the way, was not the same one that he had been lowered from, was a group of bushes. With a quite dexterous aim Maloney began throwing the brushes, with the combs stuck fast in them, into the bushes.

All were soon disposed of.

"It is foine-lukking hair will the byes have in the morning by the bright loight," he cackled.

Now he felt ready for bed.

Just as he was about to get into it he saw his own clothes, or rather, those lent him by Bob Morris.

It would never do for him to leave them.

The clothes of all of the other occupants of the dormitory gone, and his alone left.

He would be suspected right away.

So once more he was compelled to make a trip to the closet, and to fire his own brush and comb out of the window.

He was about returning to his cot when he stumbled.

Instantly Tom Ready awoke.

"Who's that?" cried he.

"Maloney."

"What are you doing up?"

"It wur so hot," said he, "that I got up to get a breath av fresh air."

"Tis hot," sleepily said Tom. "If I had a fan I'd lend it to you, but I haven't one. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Tom went off to sleep again, and Maloney got into his cot.

This time he succeeded in getting to sleep.

He was awakened about six o'clock by a terrific hubbub of voices.

Lazily rising in bed, he gazed around.

There were all of the boys up in their night-dresses, vainly looking for their shoes and socks and garments.

Ejaculations could be heard on all sides.

"My clothes are gone!"

"And so's mine!"

"Mine too!"

"I haven't any socks."

"Neither have I."

"I'm with you."

"Where's my shoes?"

"Where all the rest are."

"Where's that?"

"Gone."

"And I'll be rolled in dirt if even my hair-brush and my comb ain't disappeared," said Tom Ready, in a serio-comic tone of voice.

The boys had not discovered this before.

Now they looked at the empty pegs above their heads in dismay.

"It's a clean sweep," said Bob Morris. "Wonder our night-shirts are left."

Here Maloney thought it time to root his bazoo.

"Who the devil tuk me clothes?" bawled he. "Yez promised me no more av yez thricks. Ehring thim back, byes."

"Hello, you awake?" asked Bob. "Want your clothes?"

"Av coorse."

"Want your shoes and socks?"

"Naturally. Do I generally promenade in me bare feet?"

"Maybe you'd like a brush and comb?"
 "I wud. Niver do I comb me few hairs wid a towel."
 "Well, you won't get none of them."
 "And why not?"
 "Because they're gone."
 Maloney pretended to be astounded.
 "Gone?" he echoed.
 "Yes."
 "Where?"
 "You tell me and I'll tell you," he said. "You see how I am arrayed, night-shirt only?"
 "I do."
 "Well that is all any of us have got. Some thief or thieves have cleaned us out, that is all there is about it."
 Maloney tried to appear duly surprised.

"It must have been sneak-thieves," uttered he, "and—"
 Tom's further discourse was cut short by the three sonorous strokes of the gong in the hall outside.
 It was the signal for the boys to go down to breakfast.
 They looked at each other in dismay.
 What was to be done?
 They were nice objects, truly, to go down to breakfast.
 Unwashed, hair all awry, no clothes but scant night-shirts, they were beautiful specimens to partake of a morning meal.
 "All of the breakfast that we will get this morning will be wind, I guess," spoke up Bob Morris, dolefully.

"Eyes roight."
 Each optic went rightwards.
 "Forward march."
 Maloney opened the door, and out went the comic procession.
 The doctor was seated at the breakfast-table. Temperance Honesty hovered near.
 The doctor was evidently impatient.
 He consulted his watch frequently.
 "I am sure I cannot see what ails the boys," he impatiently said; "they are five minutes late."
 Temperance Honesty shook his head dubiously.
 "Dat yeah new scholar sleeps wid dem?" asked he.
 "What new scholar?" asked the doctor.



Looking down, Maloney felt a cold chill of terror crawl over him. There, at the bottom of the rope squatted a huge bull-dog, with blood-shot eyes and jaws all agape!

"How could they do it widout wakin' some av us?" queried he.
 Bob shook his head.
 "That is just what gets me," replied he.
 Suddenly Tom Ready burst forth:
 "Say, Maloney," questioned he, "what time was it that you were up in the night?"
 All of the boys looked at Maloney.
 There was something in the tone of Tom's interrogation which seemed to imply that Maloney might know something about the supposititious burglary.
 Maloney flushed a trifle.
 "About midnight," returned he.
 "Did you take notice?"
 "Av what?"
 "Whether our clothes were all right?"
 "None at all. Shure I only went to the windy, as I told yez, to get a breath av fresh air."
 Tom still looked puzzled.
 There seemed to be a lingering suspicion in his mind relative to Maloney's truthfulness.
 Maloney noticed the expression on Tom's face. He assumed an air of dignity.
 "Perhaps by yez intherrogathions ye mane to infer that I am culpable av the raiment theft," said he. "It luks loike it, don't it? Here is meself as bad off as the rest av ye."
 That was a line of argument not to be easily contradicted.
 Even Tom succumbed to it.

"Why?" asked Tom Ready.
 "The doctor is not liable to send it up, and we can't go down this way."
 "What's the reason?"
 "Are you crazy?" said Bob. "Would you go down to breakfast in nothing but a night-shirt and bare feet?"
 "Cert."
 "What are you feeding me?" asked he.
 "Turtle raw," laughed Tom. "I mean just what I caroled. I am going down to chew fodder just as I am. If you fellows want to come along, why, come along."
 "What will the doctor say?"
 "Thumbs up, for all that I care. Hang the doctor. Any one that wants to come with me sing out."
 The idea pleased Maloney.
 "Tis meself that will precede ye, Tom," he said.
 "Then we'll start."
 They went towards the door.
 "Say, boys," cried Bob, "let's all go. The doctor will be paralyzed. He can't do much, anyhow, when he hears the circumstances; and if he does, we are all in the same boat."
 That settled it.
 "Are yez all ready?" asked Maloney.
 "Yes," came the universal response.
 "Bate toime."
 The naked feet beat the floor.

"Dat Irisher."
 "Mr. Maloney?"
 "Yes, sah."
 "He did. Why?"
 "Dat settles it. He's a Jonah, shuah. Been der berry debble fo' to pay ebber since he come."
 "That will do," sternly said Doctor Pepper; "recollect that Mr. Maloney is a private pupil. You will please to pay him all deference."
 Temperance Honesty subsided.
 He muttered to himself, though:
 "Pay dat yeah Mick all deference. Course I will in de pig's ribs. Fust chance dat I get I'll cut him wid a razor, see if I don't."
 More minutes passed.
 No scholars.
 The doctor fidgeted worse than ever.
 "You are sure that you rang the gong?" he questioned.
 "Shuah," returned Temperance Honesty.
 "Three times?"
 "Yes, sah."
 "Then it is premeditated disobedience," said the doctor. "I will punish all the inmates of the dormitory severely."
 "Den dat yeah Mick will get it, too!" grinned Temperance Honesty. "Ki, ki, coon in de corn!" and it was with difficulty that the dorky could restrain himself from indulging in a breakdown.
 The next second, however, the door opened.

In came the boys, in their night-shirts and bare legs, faces unwashed, and hair uncombed, with Maloney at their head.

To say that the doctor was all taken back would be but to express it faintly.

He leaned back in his chair with protruding eyes, and gazed at the white-robed file.

Temperance Honesty, too, was astounded.

He flattened himself up against the wall, and his wool unkinked. Seemingly it stood straight up.

"De Lawd be good to us," exclaimed he, "dat yeah Mick hab made lunatics outer de boys."

The line, Maloney still leading, circled around the dining-room.

They moved almost as noiselessly as so many specters.

The doctor pondered for a minute after Bob had finished his tale.

"It can't be possible!" said he.

"Be the sowl av me sister's hen it is," put in Maloney. "Luk at me. Do yez suppose that I wud walk around in a suit av clothes composed simply av skin and a hoigh-wather noight-shirt out av choice?"

"No, I do not think so," answered the doctor, "but the whole affair seems so marvelous that I—"

The sentence was never finished.

Hannah, the colored girl, entered just then.

Her face was full of wonder.

And her apron was full of brushes and combs.

"Masss Pepper, Massa Pepper!" said she to the doctor, "dah's been miracles or somefing

dropped their knives and forks in consternation.

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Castor.

"Ghost of Cæsar!" ejaculated Mr. Smith.

"Och, Himmel!" cried the worthy Herr Franx.

"Doctor wants to see you," said Master Jones.

"But my leedle poy," said Herr Franx, "why der reason vos dot you come here dis vay?"

"Couldn't help it," grinned Master Jones.

"Why not?"

"We are all so."

"Who all?"

"All us fellows—scholars, I mean—of the first dormitory."



The door opened. In came the boys, in their night-shirts and bare legs, faces unwashed, and hair uncombed, with Maloney at their head.

By a violent effort the doctor regained his self-possession.

"Halt!" cried he.

The line stood still.

"Now, young gentlemen," said the doctor, with considerable emphasis upon the word "gentlemen," "will you please tell me the reason of this outrageous proceeding?"

"What outrageous proceeding?" blandly inquired Bob Morris.

"Fool," said the doctor, now choking with wrath, "you know as well as I do, this night-shirt business."

"Had to do it," answered Bob, with provoking coolness.

"Had to do what?"

"Wear our night-shirts."

"Why?"

"We couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help what?"

"Just what I told you, sir. Night-shirts are the only available covering we had to come to our matutinal meal in."

"Explain."

Bob proceeded to do so.

The doctor listened in surprise as Bob told of the losses that his pupils had sustained.

Temperance Honesty was aghast.

"Bugglers!" he ejaculated. "Gorram'tey, dey might hab done stole dat gun ob mine!"

'round hyar last night. I went out fo' to put de wash up on de lines, and dah in de lilac bushes I foun' all ob dese brushes and combs. 'Spect dah's hundreds ob dem, fo' dis am only de least part!"

Bob Morris sprang forward.

"Why, these are our brushes and combs that were stolen!" he exclaimed.

PART X.

HANNAH's announcement of course created the greatest sort of surprise.

But there was her apron full of hair-brushes and combs to substantiate her statement.

She dumped them all down upon the floor.

"Dah's mo' back in de bushes," declared she. "I couldn't go fo' to kerry de whole lot at one trip."

The doctor was stupefied.

"This is the most unaccountable thing that ever I heard tell of," at last he remarked.

"Master Jones!"

"Yes, sir," answered Master Jones.

"Go to the tutors' room and request them to come to me at once."

Master Jones obeyed.

He entered into the tutors' room.

The three resident tutors were enjoying a comfortable breakfast, but at the sight of the bare-footed and night-shirted Master Jones they

Herr Franx looked seriously at him.

"My leedle poy," uttered he, "I vos afraid something vos you ail. Did you blay the sun in too much yesterday?"

"Doctor wants to see you," said Master Jones, falling back upon his original statement.

"Me alone?"

"All of you."

Obedient to the mandate, the trio of preceptors arose and followed Master Jones to the breakfast-room.

Their astonishment may be well conjectured when they beheld all of the members of the first class arrayed like Master Jones.

The doctor noticed their amazed looks.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not wonder that your countenances betray your surprise. I will explain the reason of the—I might almost call it crazy—appearance of my first class."

And the doctor did proceed to narrate the why and wherefore of it.

The three tutors were as much puzzled to find a solution of the mystery as was their chief.

"Burglars!" cried Herr Franx; "it vos a plessing dot my room vos not it entered. If I vos lose dot bicture of my lieben Gretchen vay der vater across, I would myself pe killed mit grief some."

"Robbers!" Mr. Castor uttered, growing paler than usual; "they might have got my flute!" This, in Mr. Castor's estimation, was the worst

possible calamity that could befall him, for, prized first and foremost of all the youngest master's possessions, was his flute, a most diabolical instrument, capable of emitting the most weird and unearthly sounds. And as Mr. Castor played it by wind instead of note, it was understood that when he desired to pour out his soul in music he must retire from the vicinity of the school.

Mr. Smith also trembled.

Suppose that the supposititious thieves had taken a fancy to his beloved 1783 edition of Plutarch's Lives, or his celebrated black-letter Dutch Bible of 1672?

"Now, gentlemen," asked the doctor, "what is to be done?"

"Bedad, that is what I want to know meself," put in Maloney. "Me presint attire is not at all in kaping with me preconception of dhrress."

"Oh, you are all right, Mr. Maloney," said the doctor; "your trunk is here."

"That is fairy luck," Maloney answered; "maybe it is meself who can dhrress up some av the byes."

Then he turned to the lads.

"Byes," said he, "'tis meself who is full av generosity. If any av yez desoire a collar-button or a loight summer tie, just let me know."

Somehow, though, the offer was not not accepted, and Maloney subsided.

Just then Temperance Honesty came in.

"Doctah," said he, "I hab got my 'spicions."

"Of what?" questioned the doctor.

"I'se doan't b'liebe it at all."

"What?"

"Dat de deed was omitted by robbers."

"Why not?"

"Kase dis mawning I found all ob de doahs and de windahs securely fastened. Now de rob-bahs couldn't go fo' to leabe de house and den come back fo' to fasten de doahs and de windahs on de inside."

"Are you perfectly sure that all of the exits of the building were secured on the inside?" asked he.

"Yes, sah."

"Then what is your idea of the robbery?"

"Dat it ain't no robbery at all."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say, sah. In my opinion it wuz de work ob somebody inside ob de building."

"But for what object?"

"Fun, sah."

"If your supposition proves true, whoever did it must have a very depraved idea of fun," mused the doctor.

"Dah's some folkses perfectly capable ob it," Temperance Honesty said.

As he spoke he looked at Maloney.

Maloney noted the glance.

He grabbed a plate off the table.

"Fur tin cints, ye black son av a charcoal-wagon, I'll kill yez wid chinaware!" yelled he.

"Stand still till I hit ye."

Temperance Honesty didn't.

He dodged behind the doctor, and sank upon his knees behind that gentleman's chair.

Maloney elevated himself upon his tip-toes.

"Put out yez head," roared he; "I bet that I can sloice the scalp off av ye wid wan sling av me plate. Put out yez woolly cocoanut."

"Doctah! Doctah!" cried Temperance Honesty, "save me! save me! Dat yeah wild Irishman will kill me, suah."

"Yez niver spake a thruer worrur in yer loife," corroborated Maloney. "Put out your head till I get a whack at it."

The doctor arose and interposed between Maloney and Temperance Honesty.

"Mr. Maloney," said he, "why this outbreak?"

"Faix, I have good cause," returned Maloney.

"What?"

"The naygur said I stole the clothes."

"Fo' de Lawd, I didn't," earnestly protested the coon.

"I am sure that I did not hear him," observed the doctor.

"Or I," said Mr. Smith.

"I know it," said Maloney; "he did not make the insinuation wid his mouth."

"Then how?"

"He did it wid his ol."

"His eye?"

"Yis. Be heavens, if I had a pistol, it is carpeted wid the moke's brains wud the flure be!"

"I think you are mistaken in reference to Temperance Honesty," declared the doctor.

"I swah dat he am," said the frightened coon.

Maloney put down his plate reluctantly.

"For the sake av the doothur will I let yez live a few days longer," he said.

For a few moments the doctor mused.

The darky's observations had struck him as containing the possible truth.

Finally said he:

"My servitor's words appear to suggest a so-

lution of this problem; a possible solution, for I hope that the theory he advances will prove false. I can hardly imagine that any pupil of mine would be guilty of such an action as that of stealing his class-mates' personal property, even in joke."

"Me nayther," said Maloney, with an air of great innocence; "shure it is a darty outrage. Here is meself, subject to chills in the fate, lift wid no shoes or socks. Suppose I should catch me death av pedal exposure, who could I recover damages from?"

Maloney said this very artfully.

Oh, the Old Boy-could appear artless when he so desired.

He was not such a big fool as people frequently picked him up for.

The doctor was deceived.

So much so that he smiled at what he conceived was the naive observation of our hero.

"I guess you will come out all right, Mr. Maloney," he said. "You must not fail to recollect that your trunk has come."

"It shows that I have some luck still left," spoke Maloney.

"I dells you vun idea," suddenly spoke up Herr Franx.

"What?" asked the doctor.

"If der robbery vos done mit der house inside, der goats must be der house mitin."

"Good!" exclaimed the doctor. "And you advise—"

"A search."

"Of the house?"

"Yaw."

The doctor turned to Temperance Honesty.

"You and Hannah," he ordered, "will proceed and search the house. Look in every nook and cranny of it."

"Even you'se own apartments?" queried Temperance Honesty.

"Let me be no exception."

"Doctah," interrupted Maloney, "is yez watch safe, and all av yez valuables locked up?"

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only, begorra, if the naygur wur to search a room av moine I wud want every-thing hermetically sealed."

Temperance Honesty swelled out with indignation.

"Doctah," said he, "I'se kain't stan' dis sawt ob ting no longah, sah, and I gibs you'se fair notice to dat effect."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"You heahed what dat Maloney said?"

"I did."

"Dem words, sah, conveyed a slur upon my karactah, sah. Dis ting hab proceeded long 'nuff. Dat yeah Maloney is gwine fo' to prove de ruination of dis school. He am got it all broke up already."

Maloney pushed up the sleeves of his night-shirt.

"There will be somebody broke up besides the school in the wave av a floi's wing," spoke he, "and it will be an ancesthur av Ham."

"This continual bickering must stop," said the doctor. "Temperance Honesty, I wish you to keep still."

"Dat's it," grumbled the darky. "I'se got to shut up. Me dat's been in your serbice fo' 'leben years, doctah."

"Well—well."

"I'se gwine to leabe. Dah's been a very lucrative position offered me on a steamboat."

"Don't take it," said Maloney. "Be heavens, the steamboat wud sink twenty-four hours after ye put fut on it."

"Dah he goes again," sadly uttered Temperance Honesty. "Dat yeah man kin say any-thing, while I'se got fo' to shut up, I'se got to."

"Get out of the room!" fairly bellowed the doctor; "get Hannah and go on with the search."

Sulkily the darky went.

He paused, though, at the door to make a face of surpassing hideousness at Maloney, the effect of which face was greatly enhanced by a most wonderful protruding of the tongue.

"Yah, yah! Irishman eat hay," said he.

Whiz!

A tea-cup whistled through the air and shattered into frazments upon the door which Temperance Honesty had shut behind him, in a hurry, you bet.

The doctor looked vexed.

"Mr. Maloney," said he, "you must control your temper."

"Shure I did that toime," answered Maloney.

"Instead av throwing a cup at him, I ought to have thrown a pitcher. Some hasty-tempered men wud have bombarded him wid the whole table."

Tom Ready spoke up.

"Are we to go to bed again, doctor?" asked he.

"What do you mean?"

"That in the way we are dressed now I don't see anything else to do but to go to bed."

"I know something else" piper Master Jones.

"What, sir?" the doctor interrogated.

"Go swimmin'!"

"You can swim up-stairs and write 'too officious' one hundred times upon a slate," grimly said the doctor.

Crest-fallen Master Jones went up-stairs. He wasn't a private boarder.

As for Maloney, he raised a hullabulloo upon the table with his knife and fork.

"Breakfast!" cried he; "faix, I could ate the ribs av a guinea pig. Breakfast! grub! hash!"

"That will do," shrieked the doctor, "our matutinal repast will be here in a minute, just as soon as Temperance Honesty and Hannah get through with their search of the house."

"That won't do for me," declared Maloney.

"What won't do?"

"No matutinal repast."

"Why not?"

"I want breakfast."

It took the doctor several minutes to explain to Maloney that the terms "breakfast" and "matutinal repast" were synonymous.

"Well, I want aither av thim or both," said Maloney. "Me stomach feels as empty as the inside av a balloon."

At this minute Temperance Honesty came down-stairs, closely followed by Hannah.

They looked triumphant.

"Doctah," yelled Temperance Honesty, "I was right."

"How do you know?"

"Bekase we done foun' dem."

"The robbers?"

"No, de clothes."

At this announcement there was an universal stir.

All were on the *qui vive*.

"Tell me the particulars," commanded the doctor.

Temperance Honesty assumed an important posture. He realized that he was the central figure of the group, the hero of the minute.

"In de fust place me an' Hannah started out. I says to Hannah, says I, 'Dis am a very queer piece ob business.' Says Hannah to me, 'Temperance, you'se am right, as you alluz is.' Says I, 'Hannah—'"

"That will do," impatiently put in the doctor.

"I do not care what you said to Hannah, or Hannah said to you."

The story-teller looked surprised.

"I done thought dat you'se desired de full pertickulers ob de event?" said he.

"So I do."

"Ain't de conversation between me and Hannah one ob de pertickulers?"

"How long was it?"

"Short, sah."

"How long?" I asked.

"'Bout ten minutes."

"Then I guess that we can dispense with it. Simply give us the salient points of your search."

"De what, sah?"

"Salient points."

"What's dem, sah?"

"Oh, go ahead your own way," the doctor despairingly ordered.

Once more Temperance Honesty proceeded.

"I says to Hannah, 'Hannah, I done think dat I'se got de true solution ob de robbery.' 'Temperance,' says she, 'I'se done belibe it. You'se got de most remark'ble head dat eber I knew ob.' 'Hannah,' says I—"

"Will you cease that 'Hannah says' and 'I says'?" roared the doctor.

"If yez will only allow me, I'll stop it for yez," volunteered Maloney. "I'll choke the utterance out av him."

The doctor disregarded Maloney's offer.

"Tell me where you found the missing articles of apparel," he requested.

"In de closet."

"What closet?"

"In de upper hall."

"Was it in the waste-closet?"

"Yes, sah."

"Are the shoes and stockings also there?"

"Day be."

"Was the closet locked?"

"No, sah."

"Open?"

"Yes, sah."

"Key in the lock?"

"N—no, sah."

Temperance Honesty hesitated when he said that the key was not in the lock, because he lied when he said that it wasn't.

It was.

But it hadn't ought to have been, for it was one of the coon's regular duties to look up the

wast--elaset each night and take possession of the key.

The night before, though, he had been too lazy to go up-stairs for that purpose, and had left the closet unlocked, with the key in it, trusting to luck that nothing would happen.

Something though, had happened.

Mr. Pepper resolved to postpone further investigation till later on.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "go up to the closet and select your apparel, then return to breakfast. Maloney?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your room is already fixed. You will find your trunk there."

"Where is the room, sir?"

"Temperance Honesty will show you."

"No, he won't."

"What is the reason?"

"He wud show me down to the cellar and lock me in wid the rats."

"Let Hannah show you the room," said he.

Tom Ready kicked Maloney's leg. Tom was seated next to him at the table.

"You old rascal," said Tom.

"Me?" asked Maloney. "What for?"

"Get out. I see right through it."

"Through what?"

"Your kicking about Temperance Honesty showing you the room. I know why you did it."

"Didn't I tell you?"

"That wasn't the real reason."

"If ye know a better, tell me."

"You wanted Hannah to show you so that you could kiss her in the hall, you handsome charmer you."

Maloney looked disdainfully at him.

"If yez kape on wid yez freshness, some day ye will be missing and meself will be fleeing from ju-tice," said he.

"Are you ready to go to your room, Mr. Maloney?" sharply asked the doctor. "You, Ready, are behind all of the rest."

Tom hurried after the rest, while Maloney followed on behind Hannah to his room. There was no kissing in the hall, though, as Tom had libelously hinted at.

The room that Maloney found himself in was really a nice one, fitted up with all new furniture, tastily papered, and with several pictures on the wall. The doctor could do it when it paid him.

Maloney surveyed his new abode with great satisfaction.

"It suits me to a 'T,'" he said. "Arrah, Maloney, whin ye wur blasting rocks upon the Boulevard, wid a snub-nosed Italian for a boss, niver did ye think that ye wud have a boudoir loike this."

PART XI.

Yes, Maloney found his berth at the doctor's school quite comfortable after he had become a private pupil.

He could study just what he pleased and do just as he desire.

He was not bothered by any rules of the school. He could get up just when he wanted to, go to bed when he felt ready to, and the choicest articles of food were always placed upon his table.

In fact, he had too much of a picnic to suit those two quiet Sunday-school scholars, Tom Ready and Bob Morris.

One night during play-time the two were sitting upon a bench beneath one of the grand old trees which ornamented the exterior of Laurel Hall, slyly puffing away at surreptitious cigarettes, which had been obtained from that feminine caterer to their wants known as Miss Page.

Presently Maloney came along.

He was all dressed up.

A suit of white flannel covered his manly form, a diamond blazed in his shirt-front, and although it was in July and hot enough to melt the buttons off of a policeman's coat, he wore a pair of kid gloves of a crushed-strawberry hue, decorated with black stripes.

In his hand he carried a cane, and a fragrant Havana was between his teeth.

"Look at the dude!"

"Ain't he sweeter than all of the roses?"

"If I had a wife I would lock her up when he came around."

So cried the young rogues.

Maloney heard them.

"Are ye addressing av yez sarcasm at me?" he queried.

"Oh, not at all," cheerfully answered Bob. "We were chinning at the cow. That proud cow, there, with the blue ribbon upon her off horn. Nice cow, ain't she. Just see the stylish way in which she masticates her cud."

Maloney made a switch at the speaker with his cane.

"Ye can give me none av yez corrugated ver-

bal gum-drops," he said; "it wur me that ye wur alluding to a minute ago. Be the way, Tom?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom.

"Wur it ye taught the byes?"

"Taught them what?"

"To chorus."

"Chorus what?"

"Ye don't know?"

"Of course not."

"In yez moind. It is too innocent ye are for this worruld. It is aching the angels must be to get ye wid them."

"I am sure that I have not the faintest idea of what you are alluding to," serenely answered Tom, with a scarce perceptible elevation of the eyebrows at Bob. "What is it? Don't talk so foggy."

"Simply this," returned Maloney; "to-noight, but a few minutes ago, I wur coming out av the school, whin I found all av the byes ranged in two rows for me to pass through. I passed. Be heavens, as I prominated wan little sucker called out:

"What—is—this?"

"Back came the chorus from the whole mob av the junior divils:

"It—is—a—tarrier!"

"Thin the first fellow called out again—begorra, if I discover his identity it is massacre him I will:

"Will—it—bite?"

"They chorused again:

"No—it—is harmless!"

"What—is—its—name?"

"Ma—lo—ney!"

"Thin they whistled at me as if I wur a dog."

Tom listened with a cherubic expression to Maloney's indignant recital.

"It is too bad," he said; "the boys ought to be checked. If I was you I would complain to the doctor."

Maloney winked with great sagacity.

"Faix, I have a better scheme than that," said he.

"What?" questioned Bob, slyly slipping his lighted cigarette into one of Maloney's coat-tail pockets.

"The nixt toime I go to New York I will visit wan av the orphan asylums."

"Yes."

"Are ye aware what for?"

"To hire yourself out for adoption!"

"No, sur. I mane to slect an orphan wid the itch. I will hoire him fur a year and bhring him here to circulate around the school. Bedad, insoide av a wake none av yez will have a finger-nail to yez sow! It is ground down wid incessant scratching will they be."

"Great scheme," applauded Bob. "It is you that is gifted with great intellectual capacity, Maloney."

The old boy nodded his head.

"If I had been born in Ohio instead of Donegal I wud have been President av the United States by this toime," declared he.

As he spoke he started away.

Just then a sneeze came.

He put his hand back in his coat-tail pocket to get his handkerchief.

It came out very quickly.

"Howly mother av Moses!" cried he. "Begorra, give me a hatchet!"

"What do you want of it?"

"To save me loife."

"How?"

"By cutting me finger off before the poison inthens me system."

"What under the heavens are you talking about?"

"I have been stung."

"Why by?"

"Some cabogue has placed a scorpion in me coat-tail pocket, and it has bit me in the finger."

To verify his statement he held up the finger, which, as you doubtless have already discovered, had been simply burnt by Bob's cigarette.

"To think that after being blown up in six blasts that I should live to die from the bite of a poisonous insect," he moaned. "Whirra, ill the day to-day."

"Let's look at the finger," carelessly requested Bob.

Bob examined it.

"Old man," said he, "you are clean off your cabase."

"What do ye mane?"

"That ain't a bite."

"Thin, Mr. Frish, will ye tell me what it is?"

"It is a burn."

Maloney looked at him commiseratingly.

"Ye fool," uttered he, "bedad, if I am nixt door to the lunatic asylum, ye are into it. A burn! Where the devil wud I get a burn? Do ye suppose that I carry a cooking-stove along wid me in my pocket?"

"But who ever heard of scorpions in America?" asked Tom.

"Shure the rivers are full av thim," responded Maloney; "didn't we have thim fried for breakfast yesterday morning?"

"You old idiot," said Tom, "who told you they were scorpions?"

"Jackson."

"Well, if I was you I'd make a semicircle out of his back-bone. Heavy old scorpions they were."

"What wur they, thin?"

"Eels."

"That settles it," said Maloney. "Jackson perishes before dawn. The idea av a tow-headed kid, wid air-holes in the back av his pants, a-telling me fairy-tales. But"—Maloney considered a minute—"thin it must be an eel in me pocket."

"Take off your coat and see," suggested Tom. He took off his coat.

With extreme caution he began to search his pockets.

Bob's cigarette, still burning, came, bravely up to view.

Maloney dashed it to the ground.

"Which wan av yez gallows candidates put that in me pocket?" he demanded.

"Want to know bad?"

"Stop yez equivocathions and answer."

"Anything to oblige. I hate to tell, but I must; can't help it, got to do it. It was neither of us," and he darted away just in time to escape Maloney's cane, which, if it had ever hit him, would probably have caused him to remember the fact.

It now being time to go in to lessons, Bob Morris also left.

The two scudded away from Maloney.

"Ta, ta, sod!" cried they.

Maloney looked after them.

"They are noice byes," soliloquized he; "rale noice byes. Begob, I am so fond av thim that I could provide a County Cork funeral, a wheelbarrow for the corpse, and a smooth road for the mourners widout a soigh. Wan av thim put that cigarette in me pocket, I'll bet."

Then, somewhat ruffled, Maloney proceeded on his evening stroll, which generally ended at a quiet little tavern near the Boston road, kept by a countryman of his.

Meanwhile, Bob and Tom, arms around each other's shoulders, boy fashion, strolled toward the school.

"I tell you what," spoke Tom, "the old cock's getting very lofty."

"Top balcony, so to whisper."

"He must be taken down."

"How?"

"Oh, I will think something up," carelessly said Tom, and, as future developments will show, he was as good as his word.

Now, you will recollect that Temperance Honesty and Hannah were lovers.

And it was rumored that the wedding was to come off very soon.

But two or three nights before the time of which we are writing, Temperance Honesty and Hannah had gone to a colored strawberry festival.

And going to that strawberry festival had brought a rupture between the pair, for, according to Hannah's statement, Temperance Honesty had yielded to the wiles of a dashing young mulatto widow, and escorted her around during most of the evening, allowing Hannah to sit alone and disconsolate.

Hannah could not stand that.

She came home alone, angrily refusing the proffered escort of Temperance Honesty, despite his assertion that: "Fo' de Lawd, he hadn't done nuffin at all; he'd knowed de lady down in de ole Souf, an' jest meant fo' to be civil."

Hannah would not swallow the explanation, though, and since then they have never spoken when they passed by, much to Temperance Honesty's discomfiture, especially as the boys teased him all of the while about the loss of his mash.

This was just the state of affairs when, the afternoon after the night that Maloney had the cigarette put into his pocket, as Hannah was peeling potatoes in the kitchen, a hand suddenly appeared through the open window near her and dropped a note.

"Wha' de debble's dat!" cried she, in surprise, dropping her potato-knife, as the note fluttered upon the floor at her feet.

She stooped down and picked it up.

It was a three-cornered billet-doux, and on the outside was written:

"Miss Hannah Humph."

"Golly, it am fo' me!" she cried. "Who in de world could have done gone fo' to sent it?"

Like every other woman, black, yellow or

white, she examined it every way before opening it. And then she looked out of the window to see if the owner of the hand which had dropped the missive was yet in sight.

He wasn't, though.

After tossing the letter through the window he had fled, for he was none other than Tom Ready. His brain had already got up the scheme for "taking down" Maloney.

Satisfied that no one was in sight, Hannah withdrew her head.

Opening it, she read with great slowness, spelling out most of the words, for scholarship was not hereditary in Hannah's family:

"DEAR MISS HUMPH.—Will you please excuse the liberty I take in addressing you, but seeing you at the strawberry festival the other evening I could not help but being struck by your beauty and charming grace. Being a stranger here, with no mutual friend to introduce me, would you please meet me to-night at the Cedars at eight? To show you that I only ask you to meet me so that I can become socially acquainted, I will tell you that my name is Romeo Johnson, and that I keep a barber-shop in the city of New York. I am only here rusticiating. Hoping you will grant my request, I am,

"Yours always, ROMEO J."

Hannah perused the scrawl over three or four times.

"Clar to goodness," she said, "but dat's a fine lettah. De writah ob dat am a city coon—none ob youse Car'lina race-track niggahs. Just look at de spellin' ob de 'pistle. All ob de words am spelt right, an' de writin' am jest as good as de doctah's. He was struck wid my beauty—kill! and my charming grace. Him a gem'men, too, Ise'll bet, and dah dat old porpoise ob a Temprance runs off wid dat straw-colored widow. What de debble he see in her I can't tell, and dah was a pow'ful 'spicion, too, round heah, dat she done gone poisoned her husband." With which soliloquy Hannah put the note in her bosom.

Reflectively she went on peeling her potatoes. She was pondering whether or no she would keep the engagement.

Probably she would not have, had it not been for pique at Temperance Honesty.

Pique settled it.

"I'll done go," at last she made up her mind, "jess fo' to show dat good-fo'-nuffin' Temprance dat dere is some folks dat can 'preciate me. But dat yeah Romeo Johnson don' want to go fo' to play no tricks wid me. Ise a bad yaller gal wid a razor in my stocking every time," and having delivered herself of this sentiment, Hannah peeled the last potato and turned to some other kitchen work.

Maloney, about the same time, was sitting up in his room. He was studying.

A meerschaum pipe was in his mouth, and a volume lettered "Child's History of the United States," lay across his knees.

He had it opened at the first page.

"A-m-e-r-mer-i-c-a-ky—Ameriky wur d-i-s-covered in 1-4-9-3—1493," he stuttered off; "it wur discovered by—by C-h-r-i-s-t-o-p-h-e-r—Christopher—C-o-l-u-m-b-u-s—Columbus. He—"

Here Maloney stopped in his study.

He gave the history a fling across the room.

"To the Ould Nick wid it," spoke he. "What do I or any other man av sinse care whin Ameriky wur discovered, as long as it is here now? Still, it is useful to kape in yez mimory, for somebody might ax ye about it some day. So Christopher Columbus wur the man who found it out? Bedad, I belave whoever printed the book has made a mistake. Instead av an 'O' he has put down a 'C.' It should be O'Lumbus, instead av Columbus. And now, bad cess to the man who says that the Irish have no roight to rule Ameriky!"

Having proved, as he considered, the perfect right of the exiles of old Erin to sway it over the sons of this great and gallus Republic, Maloney charged his pipe up afresh, and was about applying a match to the tobacco, when a knock came at his door.

"Who is it?" cried he.

"Tom Ready!"

"What do ye want?"

"Go a letter for you."

"Who from?"

"Do you suppose I've opened it? Let me in."

"Open the door and come, ye fool."

Tom Ready entered.

"Here you are, pop," said he, as he flung the letter across to Maloney, who caught it on the fly.

Holding the letter up Maloney surveyed it carefully.

"MR. MALONEY,

"Laurel Hall,

"Stamford, Conn."

That was the superscription upon it, written in a delicate hand upon the envelope.

The envelope was a blue one, and in one corner was printed:

"If not delivered in ten days return to O'Brien's Royal Circus," but where O'Brien's Royal Circus was to be found the print did not say.

"Who in St. Patrick do I know in a circus?" said Maloney.

"Wasn't that the same one that was up to Stamford the other night?" asked Tom.

"I belave so," answered Maloney.

"Weren't you there?"

"Sloightly. Shure, I had a proivate box built for me inside av the ring."

"I bet I can tell who the letter is from."

"Who?"

"A mash. You have captivated some one of the circus ladies."

"Faix, they might be captivated by worse," complacently said Maloney. "Come to raymber, there wur wan young blush-rose wid a gauze dhress on who rode four bare-backed horses and gave me the wink as she flew by. But what makes ye conjecture that it comes from a leddy?"

"Because the writing on the outside of the letter is that of a lady."

"Shure enough," and Maloney tore the envelope open.

He studied its contents. They were as follows:

"MR. MALONEY.—Excuse my seeming boldness in writing you, but love is irresistible. I saw you at the circus to which I belong upon last Wednesday night. I found out your name, and have dared to write you this note. Can I see you to-night at 8 P. M. at the Cedars? I will be there.

"Yours in sincerity,

"MLLE. ROSA.

"The greatest female equestrienne in the world."

"Be heavens!" said Maloney, "it is a mash." He had read it aloud, and Tom had heard all of its contents.

"Didn't I tell you so?" quietly remarked Tom.

"Yez did," answered Maloney, who was tickled almost to death at the receipt of the note.

"You will keep the date?"

Maloney drew himself up proudly.

"It wud show want av gallantry if I didn't," said he, "and niver yet did ye know an Irishman to go back on the leddies. But say, lad?"

"Well?"

"Where are the Cedars?"

"A little clump of trees just about a quarter of a mile from here. Sometimes, instead of the Cedars, they call it Lovers' Retreat, because it is a great place for spooning."

"And a very purty name is Lovers' Retrate," approvingly said Maloney, placing the note in his pocket.

PART XII.

MALONEY began to dress for his appointment with the fair circus-rider, while Tom Ready bestrode a chair and looked on.

"Bedad, Tom," said Maloney, "the note only taches the truth av the ould proverb."

"What's that?" asked Tom.

"That ye are niver too ould to mash. Shure, I saw it verified wanst before. Ye niver knew Cornelius McNally, did ye?"

"Never, not even hardly ever."

"Well, he wur ould enough to kill. His head wur as bald as a poi-plate, and as all av his teeth wur out, all he could chew wur milk. I'll bet a quarter against a three-cint piece wid an'aperthure in it that he wur noinety years ould cowid. Wud ye belave it, he married a giri av swate sixteen."

"How did he manage it?"

"It is meself that doan't know, except that the giri wur blind. It wur lucky for him, bekase if she had iver been able to get a squint at him, she wud have had a spasm. He lugged exactly loike a skeleton corpse out for a holiday."

Then Maloney proceeded to put on a pair of checked pants, green and red checks, which were fearfully and wonderfully tight.

"Begorra," he exclaimed, "they are the stoyle orniver wud I don thim. It is take me supper off av the top av a step-ladder will I have to, for I dare not sit down for fear av an explosion in the back. I belave I will have to use a telescopic shoe-horn to take thim off. Tom!"

"Yes, sir."

"Which tie wud ye wear if ye wur me?"

As he spoke he held up two ties.

It was a dead heat between the two as to which was the most hideous.

One was purple, with big green spots, and the other was violet, with crimson dots. They must have been the work of some industrious lunatic.

But Maloney, however, thought that they

were marvels of beauty. As regards taste in dressing, he and a cow were about on a par.

"Ain't they illigant?" asked he. "Begob, a man wid wan av these neck-ties on could captivate a nunnerly."

"Did you wear one of them to the circus?"

Tom interrogated.

"I did."

"No wonder."

"About what?"

"That she fell in love with you."

"I belave ye are roight, lad," he said. "It is me own personal opinion that there is a good dale av personal magnetism in thim neck-ties. But which one wud ye put on?"

Tom considered.

Which was the most atrocious?

But at last he decided in favor of the purple and green spots. It seemed a trifle more diabolical than its rival.

So he gave his decision, and Maloney put on the neck-tie, attaching it to one of those dude collars which reached up to his ears and nearly garroted him.

He pondered a good deal over his vest.

After a good deal of thought, he determined to array himself in a black and white striped one with gilt buttons.

His coat donned, and Maloney was dressed.

"How do I luk?" asked he of Tom.

"Way up."

"Am I daisy-loike enough?"

"You're a daisy and dandy, both."

Maloney bent down, though, to take a careful scrutiny of his pedal coverings.

Suddenly he started.

An expression of anguish came over his countenance.

Tom noticed it.

"What ails you?" cried he. "Rush of blood to the head, or a cucumber cramp?"

"Nayther," sadly answered he; "it is a ruined man am I."

"How?"

"I have forgotton to put on me carnation-red socks."

"You can easily remedy it, though," he said; "put them on now."

Maloney's face lighted up.

"Faix, I niver thought av that," exclaimed he, and he went on to make the change.

After doing so he surveyed himself in the glass. He pulled his pants up nearly to his ankles.

Tom regarded this proceeding with surprise.

"What are you going to do, pop?" asked he,

"wade through a ditch?"

Maloney smiled pityingly.

"Don't ye get on to the snap!" asked he.

"No."

"Thin I will enlighten yez lack av comprehension. It is to give me socks full play. In coquettish powers it is almost aiquil are they to me neck-ties."

"Oh," grinned Tom, "I see. Now you are all correct except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"You need a bouquet."

"Ye nade not have feared that I wud have forgot that," complacently said Maloney. "I had a boutonniere already in me moind. After supper I will go out into the garden and build it. I mane to compose it av coffee roses, a pansy and a sphrig av parsley. Its very fragrance will overpower the senses, whoile its luks wud captivate at wan hundred yards. Upon second thought I belave I will add a sunflower to the aviary. It will rinder the effect more stroiking, Tom."

"Well?"

"I feel that I can dispense wid yez presence for awhile. I desoire to soliloquize."

"All right," cheerily said Tom. "Good luck, governor."

He had got as far as the door when Maloney called him back.

Tom stopped.

"I want to ax a favor av yez," said Maloney.

"With pleasure," said Tom.

"Don't give it away."

"About your mash?"

"Yis."

"Wouldn't for the world."

"Honest?"

"Honest Injun."

"Moind that ye don't thin. Away wid ye."

Tom went out of the room snickering.

"I haven't told a lie," he said to himself. "I won't give him away, because I have given him away already. There's hardly a boy in the school that don't know about the affair already."

Meanwhile another episode was taken place outside in the barn.

Temperance Honesty was out there grooming the doctor's horse.

He was not in a good humor.

This was very evident from the way in which

he viciously wielded the curry-comb, and dug in with the cleaning brush.

Truth to tell, the fat ducky was not happy.

His disagreement with Hannah bothered him, for to give him his due, he was sort of gone upon her, and more gone perhaps upon her bank account, for Hannah was a saving wench, and had quite a little balance to the good.

"Wimmen am all fools," he exclaimed, as he gave the horse a crack upon the hind-quarters to make him stand back, "dey nebbber knows when dey hab got a soft ting. Wha' kin dat Hannah go fo' to get any one bettah dan me? Dere am 'spectability, education and pussional elegance all done combined in me. Yet she's just as likely fo' to go off and pick up wid some good-fo'-nuffin nigger dat can't spell dog."

The last idea so irritated him, that he went to work curry-combing his equine victim as if the latter were made out of iron instead of flesh and bone.

As he was venting his spite upon the horse, Bob Morris sauntered in.

Bob looked as innocent as a cherub.

"Hello, Temperance," he said, "working hard?"

"Yes," grunted Temperance.

"How's things?"

"Fair."

"Have a chew of tobacco?"

As Bob spoke he extended an unopened package.

"Take the whole business if you want it," he continued. "I don't chew."

"Wha' you got it?" asked he.

"Maloney."

"Dah's nuffin de matter wid it?"

"No."

"No Injun rubber in de tobacco?"

"Not a bit. What do you ask the question for?"

"Kase I'se suspicious ob youse."

"Why?"

"Youse dunno?"

"Certainly not."

"Nebber done anything fo' to make me suspicious?"

"No, sir."

"Well, if youse done can reconcile youse countenance to dat statement, youse done can reconcile it to most anything. Who wuz it dat put tar-bugs in my bed?"

"Not me."

"Who put de spidah crabs in my boots? De debbles neahly ate de whole toes off of me."

"Not me."

"An' I suppose dat youse didn't put dat fire-cracker 'neath my chahah on de July de Fourth, and done come neah to blowing de ole man up?"

"Of course I didn't. Say, Temperance?"

"Go 'head."

"I'll tell you who put up all of those jobs on you."

"Chile, I know already."

"Who was it?"

"You."

"Not much. You are miles away from the buoy if you think that. It was somebody else."

"Who's de somebody?"

"Ah, a friend of yours."

"Ain't got no frien's."

"Oh, yes, you have. This particular friend of yours thinks the world of you."

"What am his name?"

"Maloney."

"Da yeah man a fren ob mine?" he said; "fo' de Lawd—and I'se a good church member—I could kill dat yeah man without de least tremble fo' de future. He's de lowest sort ob Irish, an' he's done upstot de whole school. Mark my words. Jess as soon as I kerlect de sum ob a dollar, I'se gwine down to ole Aunt Chloe, dat has de cabin in de swamp, an' hab de Hoodoo put on him," and Temperance went at his work again, while Bob perched upon a hay-cutter and watched operations.

"Say," said he, "when is the marriage coming off?"

"Wid who?"

"Hannah."

Temperance went on more briskly than ever with his job. He seemed endeavoring to scrape the horse's skin off of his ribs.

"Done know nuffin 'bout no Hannah," he finally ejaculated.

"Got left, eh?"

"Nuffin ob de kind."

"Then why don't you go with her any more?"

"Don't want to."

"And she don't want you to?"

Temperance paused.

"Wha' youse know 'bout it?" he asked.

"A good deal," quietly informed Bob. "She's all right, you can bet."

"How?"

"She wouldn't look at you."

"Spect not. I'se too uppah quality fo' de likes ob her."

"That ain't it. She's got another mash, and it's white!"

"Chile," said he, "wha' youse done tellin' to me now?"

"Just what I said."

"Hannah am got a new lover?"

"Stiffen me dead if she ain't."

"A white man?"

"Born so."

The ducky groaned.

"Dat exhibits de perfidy ob her sex," he said.

"Dat yeah am a cullud woman all ober—no respect fo' her race. It wouldn't hab been so hard if she had done gone wid a coon but to bestow her affections upon a low, white trash, dat am whar de barb ob agony enters."

"It is tough," sympathized Bob, "but it will be tougher for you yet when you find out who the man is."

"Am youse aware ob his identity?"

"I should snicker."

"Who am he?"

"Maloney."

Temperance Honesty looked as if he had received an electric shock.

"She gone on dat tarrier?" said he.

"Irretrievable."

"De misery culminates," spoke Hannah's once favored suitor. "Maloney, dat red-gummed Irishman, ob all! Chile, it seems impossible! I can't done b'liebe it. If it am so, dey must hab been carrying de affair on berry quietly."

"Oh, they have," answered Bob, in his quiet, convincing way. "It is so, and I can prove it to you."

Temperance was all attention.

"Youse prove it," he said, "an' I'll not say a word to de boss if youse accidentally gets into de watahmelon patch. Dere am two slats on de left ob de gate in de fence dat am loose, an' de watahmelons am berry fine jess now."

"Thanks," replied Bob. "Now I'll tell you how you can prove Hannah's and Maloney's mutual affection yourself. You know where the Cedars are?"

"Many ob a time hab Hannah and myself strolled down dah fo' to enjoy de felicity ob rural breezes."

"At that place Maloney and Hannah will meet."

"Wha' time?"

"Eight o'clock to-night."

"Bob?" said he.

"Well?" said Bob.

"My fader was a royal Prince ob Africa afore he done got stole by de kidnappers and put into slavery. Dere am consequently royal blood in dis coon's brains. I will neber be insulted by no white trash, 'specially Irish white trash a-stealing ob my gal away, Bob."

"For Heaven's sake go ahead! Don't 'Bob' me any more. You are as long-winded as a missionary at a Sunday-school exhibition."

"Wha' I was about fo' to declare is dat dere will be blood-flow afore de midnight hour."

"Whose blood?"

"Maloney's."

"Who's going to do the flowing?"

"Me. I'se de flower."

"Oh, get out."

Temperance Honesty dove into the back pocket of his pants and pulled out a razor.

"Dah's de cuttah," uttered he. "I'se 'll bet dat dat razor hab done mo' fo' to fill grave-yards and 'courage hospitals dan any udder article ob its sex. Chile, I'se a cruel, steely cullud gemmen when de dander am riz in my hair. And let me gib youse a piece ob philosophy, chile. De cullud race may be hatless, coatless, wifout a shoe to dere foot or a button to dere s'penders, but youse'll nebbber find dem wifout de ole razor. Niggers an' razors was invented toggeder."

"I suppose so," said Bob, "but it is time for supper and I must be going. I wouldn't make any trouble with Maloney if I was you, though, Temperance."

"Course I won't," sarcastically replied the ducky, as he gave the horse a kick to sort of relieve his overcharged feelings. "All youse hab got fo' to do is to wait fo' future developments."

Chuckling, Bob walked away.

Half past seven soon came.

Just about that time Maloney might have been seen coming out of the main entrance of the hall.

He was a picture for a comic paper, for such a looking caricature upon fashion it would have been hard to have picked out anywhere.

"Hello!" cried Bob Morris, who happened accidentally of course, to be loafing about outside of the door, "where are you bound for?"

"Oh, just for a shtrill," answered Maloney. "I simply desoire to study the surrounding scenery by sunset."

"Can I come?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Bekase it wud intherrupt the current av me reflections. Wait till to-morrow and I'll get ye permission from the docthur to go frog-killing. *Au revoir!*" and Maloney walked away with the air of a man who carried the world in his watch case.

At almost the same time Hannah, arrayed in her best finery, slid out of the kitchen, and by a different path started for the Cedars.

Soon after the two had left, Temperance Honesty came out from his apartment.

Over his shoulders was his faithful gun.

Tom Ready saw him.

"Where are you bound for?—with the cannon?" asked he.

Temperance tried to look careless.

"Jess goin' out fo' to shoot an owl," answered he.

"Hope you good luck."

"Tanks," and Temperance Honesty proceeded.

"Guess I put dat lad offer de cent," he soliloquized. "After due 'flection I concluded fo' to use de gun instead ob de razor. De gun am a good deal safer instrument fo' a murderer den de razor, kase de quarters ain't so close."

Meanwhile Maloney had reached the Cedars.

He sat down and waited upon a rude bench.

"I wish me fair bestrider av spangled steeds wud arrive," he spoke. "It is toiresome waiting for wan ye love. Shure, it is sadder than having to wait for a man ye are forced to pay money to."

But presently Maloney sprang to his feet.

He heard the sound of footsteps.

Through the shrubbery came a feminine form deeply veiled.

"Faix, what modesty. She covers up her face wid a musquito net," said Maloney.

The figure drew nearer.

Maloney advanced to meet her.

Hardly ten steps separated the couple.

Suddenly, though, Temperance Honesty appeared. He leveled his gun from out of a bush where he had been concealed, point blank at Maloney.

"Die, willun, die!" yelled he. "Take the reward ob youse perfidy in squirrel shot!"

PART XIII.

MALONEY's appeal did not appear to affect Temperance Honesty at all. He still kept the gun pointed directly at the man whom he supposed had alienated the affections of his Hannah.

"Die, youse debble!" cried he.

Maloney tried to dodge behind a tree, while Hannah fled shrieking from the scene.

Maloney could not get the tree between himself and the gun before Temperance pulled the trigger.

From the way the report sounded one would have taken it for a blast instead of a musket's report.

The buckshot, though (the ducky had put a whole fistful of the conical pellets of lead into the barrel of the old fire-arm), did not touch him.

Maloney, though, dropped like a shot.

Temperance Honesty saw him fall.

"I'se killed him—killed him dead," muttered he; "de buckshot hab done dere deadly mission."

Stricken with remorse, he threw down his beloved musket.

"Dat am what comes of wimmen," spoke he, as he sped away from the scene. "If I had nebbber seed Hannah I wouldn't hab nebbber got mashed upon her, and if I hadn't nebbber got mashed upon her I wouldn't hab cared a dog-gone 'bout dat yeah Irishman cuttin' me out. Now de Irishman am dead, Hannah am fled, and I is a murderer! My job am lost, fo' de doctah will nebbber take a man back dat has de stains ob blood upon his conscience."

Meanwhile, Maloney, prostrate upon the ground, was vigorously kicking dirt with his heels.

"Help! help!" roared he. "Will no wan come to the rescue av a dying man?"

His appeal was soon answered.

As if by magic Tom Ready and Bob Morris appeared upon the scene.

Tom was the first to speak.

"What ails you now?" asked he.

"Can't ye see?" queried Maloney.

"What ails you? You're lying down there for fun, ain't you? Seems to me, though, that if I was you I would take some other place to repose in. I can see three ant-heaps under you."

Maloney groaned.

"Tom," said he, "it is no roight have ye to be kidding av me now. After all that I have d' for ye to make a burlesque out av a dying man exceeds me notions av propriethy."

Tom assumed an air of surprise. "Who's dying?" asked he. "Me," Maloney rejoined. "What from—the fall of the dew?" "No; it is deliberately murdered I have been."

"Who by?" "The coon." "How did he do it?" "Ye heard a gun report, did ye not?" "Yee."

"Well, I wur the target av it. The gun wur foired by Temperance Honesty, and meself wur the recipient av its contents."

Tom was cruel enough to laugh. "Get up," said he, "you ain't hurt at all."

Maloney's face was a rebuke. "Not hurt!" ejaculated he; "let me thry to roise and I'll wager ye that the buckshot dhrup from me loike seeds from a squeezed lemon. Me last request, Tom, is that ye influence the undertaker to put me monogram upon the silver handles av me coffin."

"So I will, when I get over twenty-one," grinned Tom. "You won't want a coffin before then. Just hump yourself up, or you will have the chills and fever."

Cautiously Maloney arose. No blood was visible.

"Begorra!" exclaimed he; "shure I belave that I am uninjured aither all!"

"Of course," put in Bob Morris; "didn't Tom tell you so? That darky could not hurt anybody with that old gun of his, except he used it as a club."

Maloney, however, to make fully sure that he wasn't at all punctured, once more felt of himself.

The last investigation convinced him that he was all right.

"How in the world?" asked Bob, "did the scene occur? What were you doing here with the two coons?"

"Ye are mistaken."

"In what?"

"The number av the liver-lips."

"Why, was there more than two?"

"Less—there wur wan only."

"I suppose that the lady who ran away wasn't dark hued, was shel?"

"Av course not."

"So you think. Who was she, anyway?"

"Me mash—the circus-rider."

"Well, if that is your opinion, you are decidedly left. This fair and fleeing female figure was not the agile circus-rider. It was Hannah."

Maloney looked incredulous.

"What are ye gossoons giving me?" he queried.

"Bed-rock facts," assured Tom. "I tell you what, it is a funny occurrence, look at it any way that you please."

"Just what I think," concurred Bob.

Maloney scratched his head.

"I think that it is domned funny meself," he said, "and it is my idea that I know av certain parthies who could tell a good dale of explanatory remarks about it if they were inclined to open their mouths!"

Tom and Bob looked as innocent as ornaments upon a New Year's cake.

"Who can the parties be?" mildly asked Bob.

Maloney surveyed them.

"Ye are not aware, are ye?" he sarcastically asked.

"Certainly not," said Tom.

"Let me ax ye a conundhrum?"

"Ask away."

"How did it happen that ye two sons of diviltry wur so quick upon the ground aither the balloon-belled darkey's murderous attempt at me self-destruction?"

"Oh, we just chanced to be passing by."

"Ah, and why wur ye passing by?"

"We were—we were looking for birds' eggs," stammered Tom.

"A purty excuse," said Maloney, in ironical accents. "A noice toime to hunt birds' eggs whin the stars are out. Ye can distinguish the nests and the birds so aisly. It wur a wondher ye didn't state that ye wur going crabbing down in the apple orchard."

"We only told the truth."

"Told the truth!" Maloney groaned; "bedad, whin aither av ye iver tell the truth horses will have flns. It is tin to wan that ye are mixed up wid the affair someways, and if I could prove it I wud massacre the pair av ye. Now be off to the school."

The boys started.

Maloney picked up a stick to fling at them.

He dropped it, though, as if it had been a red-hot horseshoe.

"Me usual luck," groaned he; "the stick wur covered wid thorns. It is a choild av misfortune am I. Falx, I believe that if I should see

a golden parasol in the strate and stop to pick it up, that it wud turn into a rattlesnake and kill me the minute me hand touched it."

He called to the boys, though.

"Halt!" commanded he.

Being out of his reach they obeyed.

"What is it?" they yelled back.

"Kape yez mouth shut about the episodes av the noight."

They thought that they would agree to this request, as they felt that they owed Maloney some little expiation for the joke they had played upon him.

So they promised and went gleefully back to school.

Maloney followed.

He felt that he had been, to use the very expressive phrase of our childhood's days, "sucked in," and he experienced a burning desire to get square with those who had fooled him.

That night the doctor searched vainly for Temperance Honesty.

"He never sought my permission to go out this evening," he said; "he had no business to leave. If he tries it again I will have to discharge him. He is getting too independent anyway."

The doctor inquired all about the school.

Nobody, though, had seen the colored gentleman.

At last the doctor sat down upon the piazza.

He looked at his watch.

Ten o'clock.

He waxed wrother every minute.

"If Temperance Honesty don't arrive by eleven, I will discharge him," muttered he.

Just then a little bare-headed colored boy, with a very pronounced skylight in the bosom of his pants, came cautiously around the corner of the house.

He was a stranger, and so the doctor called to him:

"Come here!" ordered he.

The little darky came.

"Who are you looking for?" queried the doctor.

"The little darky addressed pulled out a piece of brown paper folded up in note form.

He slowly spelled the address.

"D-o-c-t-o-r P-e-p-p-a-h, P-r-e-s-e-n-t, Esq.," he articulated with various struggles.

The doctor held out his hand.

"It is for me," he said.

"You're de doctah?" the little darky asked.

"Yee."

"Doctah Peppah?"

The doctor grew impatient.

"Give me the note," repeated he.

Awed by his tone, the messenger delivered the missive.

The doctor unfolded it.

He cast a glance over the contents.

His eyes met the following scrawl, which looked as if it had been written with great difficulty with a crowbar dipped in tar:

"DERE DOCTOR,—Pleaz exkuse mi absence, but I am an asasin. Mi hands are staped in blud—Irish blud. I thank you for for your menny kindness to me, but if I should come back it woud be to the scaffold! Pleaz pardon you afflicted servant.

"Respectfully yours in penitence,

"S. P.—Don't let any wun know you got this."

TEMPERANCE H. GIBBS.

The doctor read this over two or three times.

Fact to tell, he had not been so surprised for a good while, ever since the memorable occasion when the boys had come down to breakfast in their night-shirts.

"Who gave you this?" asked he.

"Cullud gommen, sah," answered the little darky.

"Was he sober?"

"Puffectly, boss, but he looked rather wild."

"How?"

"He was furious sort ob round de eyes, an' was pale. Sides, he was disordahed in his clothes, sah, and he kerried a gun."

The doctor was more surprised than ever.

"He had a gun?" he mechanically spoke.

"Yee, sah," said the little darkey.

"Well, I can't make head nor tail of it," groaned the doctor. "Where did he give you this communication?"

"He done gib me no communication; nuffin but dis yeah piece ob papah, sah," he finally stammered out.

"That is all the same," spoke the doctor.

"Where did he give it to you?"

"On de Boston turnpike. I was walkin' along, gwine home, when he run out wid de gun, done near scare de wool offen my head. 'Halt!' he called, an' I tell youse de white trufe, boss, dat I halted wid great suddenness. Deedy, I thought dat he was a robbah."

"Wha' youse want?" asked I.

"He pulled out dis yeah papah and wrote de writin' upon it. 'Know wha' Doctah Peppah's is?' I said dat I did. 'Den take dis right down to him, an' heah am a quartah. Now run quick, or I'll cut de whole libber out ob youse,' and den I come."

The doctor put his hand into his pocket and pulled out another quarter.

He handed it to the young son of Ham, who put it in his mouth, and ran away like a deer, forgetting to even thank the doctor.

As for that learned gentleman, he was in a state of daze.

He mechanically crammed the note into his pocket, and went inside.

"Temperance Honesty—murderer—Irish blood—scaffold—Boston turnpike—furious about the eyes—gun," he uttered. "I cannetsolve the situation. It is altogether too enigmatical for me. I will have to sleep over it."

Before retiring, though, he went around to leek up the house.

Arriving in the kitchen, to his surprise, he found it still alight.

A kerosene-lamp was burning brightly upon the table, and beside it, her head buried in her apron, was Hannah.

She was rocking herself vigorously to and fro, and sounds of weeping could be heard from the apron recesses.

The doctor stopped short.

"What under the heavens ails you, Hannah!" he ejaculated.

"I'se a lost soul," sobbed she; "'twas all my fault, 'deedy it was."

"What was?" asked the doctor.

"De killing."

"Who got killed?"

"Didn't youse heah 'bout it?" asked Hannah.

"No."

"That's 'markable. Mebbe de body ain't been foun' yet."

"Whose body?" interrogated the doctor, half-convinced that he was in a dream.

"Mistah Maloney's."

The doctor scrutinized Hannah intently.

"My good girl," inquired he, "do you often have a fit of mental aberration like this?"

"Dat yeah mental scabration means craziness, don't it? 'Pears to me dat I heard de word befoah."

"It does."

"Den youse hab misapplied it, sah. I ain't at all crazy. It am remorse."

"But what do you mean by finding Mr. Maloney's body? Mr. Maloney is not dead."

"He am, sah."

"Then he must have died very suddenly, for I beheld him with my own eyes sitting at the window smoking not fifteen minutes ago."

Hannah gave a cry.

"It am his ghost!" shrieked she, "come to de house fo' to haunt me! Doctah, b'liebe me, Temp'rance shot Mistah Maloney 'bout two hours ago. I seed de gun in Temp'rance's hands and heard de report."

The doctor sank into a chair.

"How—how did it all occur?" he finally asked, feebly.

Amidst tears and sobs Hannah related her receipt of the note from the fictitious Romeo and her resolution to keep the appointment proposed by him so as to pique Temperance Honesty.

How the latter and Maloney were present there she, of course, could offer no explanation.

The doctor considered.

"The first thing I must do," he mused, "is to go to Maloney's room and see if he is inside."

"Doan't!" pleaded Hannah; "youse will see de ghost ob him, shuah, and dem dat see ghosts and ghostesses nebber hab dere reason aftarwards."

"Nonsense!" spoke the doctor.

He rose to his feet, though, with an appearance of bravery.

"I must go," he said.

Just then Hannah had a brilliant idea.

"Youse say dat youse saw de ghost up in de window ob his room?" she asked.

"Yee."

"Den I done tole youse what would be a good deal bettah. Youse better go outside now and see ef de spirit am dere yet."

The doctor thought the idea good.

He added a corollary to it.

"You come, too," ordered he. "You will be good as a witness."

At first Hannah demurred.

No glimpses at ghosts for her.

When the doctor, however, authoritatively commanded her to come, she let her habit of obedience get the better of her fear.

They went out of the kitchen through the back door into the play-ground, which Maloney's window overlooked.

For a moment they hesitated about looking up.

Then, with an effort, the doctor shook off his superstitious fears.

He turned his eyes to the window.

There, plainly defined against the window-curtain, was Maloney's shadow, pipe in mouth.

"There!" exclaimed the doctor.

Hannah looked up.

"Lawd save us, it am his ghost, shuah 'nuff!" she screamed; and throwing up her hands, fell to the ground in a faint.

The doctor, disconcerted, looked helplessly at her.

"Oh, Lord!" he sighed; "I will go crazy now sure. Here is this woman in a faint, and how in the world will I get her out? Gracious! I never was in such a position before. A ghost in a window, Hannah unconscious at my feet, Temperance a murderer, or supposed to be; and myself—well, a lunatic; or, if I ain't now, I feel it in my bones that I will be one before to-night is over. I must call for help."

He was about to raise his voice, when a lucky inspiration caused him not to.

How could he explain his presence in the playground with a fainting servant-girl at that hour of the night? He could tell his story—veritably a ghost-story—but would it be believed?

Here was a new fix for the doctor.

"What will I do?" exclaimed he.

At this minute Maloney opened the window to knock the ashes from his pipe before getting into bed.

Naturally he looked around for a minute.

The night was light.

Maloney caught sight of the doctor's form.

The Old Boy knew that no one, by right, should be stirring around at that hour, and it instantly occurred to him that the doctor was a burglar.

He dove in the window, only to reappear a second later with his revolver.

He leveled it at the unfortunate doctor.

"Hould up yez hands, ye thafel!" cried Maloney, "and kape thim held up till I come down to ascertain why ye are around the house at this hour, or, be hovens, I will embalm a carthridge in yez diagram!"

PART XIV.

THIS new addition to his dilemma fairly puzzled the doctor.

Here he was in danger of being shot down in his own yard by a supposed ghost.

"Hould up yez hands! Elevate yez dukes!" yelled Maloney again, as he paced both hands upon his revolver so as to be sure to get good aim.

All the doctor could do was to obey.

"Now tell me," requested Maloney, "who the devil ye are? Quick, begorra, me pistol has a wonderful facility for going off widout warnin'."

The doctor answered in an agonized voice:

"Don't you know me?"

"Know ye?" came the response. "What do ye take me for—wan av a gang av criminals? Who are ye, anyway? Putty-Nozed Pete or Egg-Eyed Ebenezer? Maybe, though, ye are Three-Fisted Mike Leary, that used to worruk in the same gang as mesilf upon the big pipes, and wur waltzed off to a dungeon-cell for the embezzlement av three pick-axes and a T-shovel."

"No, no," answered the other, "I am the doctor."

"What doctor?"

"Pepper, of course."

If the doctor could have beheld Maloney's countenance he would have beheld upon it signs of righteous wrath.

"Lie will ye," cried he, "as well as burglarize? The idea av Docthur Pepper being out in the yard at this toime av the night! Shure, the good ould man is fast aslape, wid the pillow tucked undah his ears and his noight-cap on at this hour. Begob, 'tis a great moind have I to blow yez head off, anyway, for perjury."

"Oh, this is dreadful!" the doctor moaned. "Was ever any one caught in a fix like this before? Mr. Maloney—dear Mr. Maloney, won't you put up that dreadful weapon and come down?"

Maloney hesitated.

"Ye are alone?" asked he.

"Yes, yes."

"Are you armed?"

"Not at all."

Maloney decided to go.

"After all," he muttered to himself, "the man don't seem to have the aspect av a villain. Besides his voice seems familiar. Shure, it might be the docthur after all, but to me nothion it is more av a thrick av the rascally byes. I believe that they will never be contented till I rist beneath the sod. Aven if I wur paralyzed

all over and had spinal curvathure av the mucous membrane, it is niver lave off playing tricks upon me wud they."

Placing the pistol in a side pocket and carefully holding one hand upon it so that he could use it instantly if occasion called for it, he went down the stairs.

Opening the front door—it was unfastened—he proceeded toward the doctor.

When he advanced near enough to distinguish the latter's features he recoiled.

"Be the piper that played before Moses!" ejaculated he, "shure, and it is yesilf! What in the worruld is the matther now?"

The doctor wrung his hands.

"I—I hardly know myself," replied he.

"Well, if ye don't, I am shure I can't tell ye," remarked Maloney.

"Hello!"

The ejaculation was caused by the discovery of Hannah's crumpled up form at the doctor's feet.

"What is this?" asked Maloney; "on me loife it is a woman."

"It is," confessed the doctor.

"In a faint?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Hannah!"

It was Maloney's turn to be astonished.

"This bates Bannagher!" he exclaimed; "faix, it is a noice situathion for yesilf. How can ye elucidate affairs?"

"I—I, oh, dear, I'm too mixed up to elucidate anything," the poor doctor said; "Temperance Honesty is supposed to have killed you, and you ain't killed, and Hannah said you were, and she saw your ghost and—shades of Ptolemy—I don't know what I am talking about!"

In the last statement Maloney fully concurred.

"The docthur's gone mad," murmured he; "too much learning has turned his bhrain. I believe he brought Hannah out here to kill her, for there is no telling about the cranks that lunatics will get on. It wur only the other day that I read in a paper av a woid woman in the ould counthry who kidnapped small children and baked them into poies."

"The first thing we must do," went on the doctor, "is to resuscitate Hannah."

"All roight, docthur. I am wid ye. Have ye a match?"

"What for?" the doctor questioned.

"To resuscitate the she-coon wid."

"How can you do it with a match?"

"Loight it and burn her nose with it. Be heavens, if that don't resuscitate her, I don't know what will; or, docthur dear—"

"Well?"

"I moight kick her three or four toimes in the head. We reshored Tim Mulhaholly that way whin he fell off av the roof av McGilder's sivilteen-sthory flats, and all thought he wur dead."

"Those measures, I am afraid, would prove too vigorous," declared the doctor, the ghost of a smile upon his lips; "you wait here till I get a pail of water from the pump."

"Let me get it," requested Maloney.

There was a twinkle in his eye.

"Tis mesilf that knows too much for thim all av the whoile," observed he; "if he'd wint for the wather he would niver have come back. And here I wud have been left wid Hannah on me hands. Faix, a loive naygur is bad enough, but wan widout breath is worse."

Maloney's remarks were checked by the doctor's voice.

"I'll go myself. Yon stay here," he said, and without giving Maloney time to argue the question, he went away.

It took the doctor quite a while to get the pail of water.

In the first place he had to unchain the pump, and then he had to hunt about for a pail in the recesses of the wood-shed.

Meanwhile Hannah began to revive.

"Whar am I?" she demanded.

Maloney bent down over her.

"Ye are all roight," said he.

At the sound of his voice she opened her eyes fully and looked at him.

As soon as she saw his face she gave vent to a shriek.

"De ghost! de ghost!" exclaimed she, and once more became unconscious.

Maloney's face was a puzzle.

"If she ain't off again ye can call me a lojar!" cried he. "Docthur! Docthur!"

"Hey?" answered the doctor, who, having found the pail, was busily pumping it full of water.

"Bhring two pails."

"Why?"

"The colored coquette has fainted again. That makes twodee so it will requoire two pails to resuscitate her now."

The doctor, however, did not bring the extra pail.

One he deemed was sufficient.

As he came lugging it up, Hannah revived for the second time.

The result was the same as the first.

When she beheld Maloney's visage she repeated her cry of "De ghost, de ghost," and sank back upon the ground.

Maloney scratched his head.

"Be heavens! this is becoming monotonous. Bedad I would not marry a woman who faints in installments for the wurruld," he declared.

"Dash the water upon her, quick."

The doctor motioned him to one side.

"You will have to get out of sight," the doctor hinted.

"And why?"

"Can't you see that your presence agitates her?"

"It's not the first toime me presence has agitated people," blandly murmured Maloney. "Whin on pay day noights I used to arroive home dhrunk, wid a bottle in me hand, at Mrs. Casey's, the boarders used to get so agitated that they wud flee out av the windy."

"No; what I mean," explained the doctor, "is that she does not think that you are alive. She thinks she sees your spirit instead of you."

"Thin don't resuscitate her."

"No?"

"No. Any wan who takes the loikes av me for a ghost ought to die. I luk loike a ghost, don't I? Did iver a ghost be known that wore lavender pants and a hoigh hat? Do ghosts wear brogans? Do ghosts—"

The doctor cut Maloney's indignant expostulation short.

"Go away," commanded he.

Reluctantly Maloney did so, still muttering about the ridiculousness of his being taken for a ghost.

The doctor raised the pail and dashed the water over the wench's face.

She came to.

She perceived the doctor.

"Am dat youse, doctah?" she feebly ejaculated.

"Yes," returned the doctor.

"Nobody but youse dar?"

"No."

"And it am gone?"

"What?"

"De ghost."

"My girl," said the doctor, firmly, "you are laboring under a hallucination. Mr. Maloney is alive and well. Temperance Honesty's gun did not hurt him at all."

Hannah shook her head.

"I seed him ghost twice," persisted she.

"It was not his ghost, but himself," assured the doctor, "and I can prove it."

"How?"

The doctor beckoned to Maloney, "Come here, Mr. Maloney," he said.

Maloney appeared.

Hannah showed a great inclination to faint again.

The doctor's firm clutch upon her shoulder restrained her, although she shook like a leaf.

"Now you see Mr. Maloney," said the doctor. Hannah was doubting yet.

"He am real flesh an' blood, shuah?" queried she.

"Bedad, if ye get a whiff av me breath ye will believe it," Maloney said; "it wur very muscular onions that I ate for supper."

"Take hold of his hand," suggested the doctor.

"Me shouldher will do just as well," Maloney amended; "feel av it."

Hannah did so.

The result to her was satisfactory.

"It am not a ghost, aftah all," said she, "and I see a fool niggah."

"Correct," assented Maloney with great alacrity.

"I think we had better go into the house," proposed the doctor. "I had not ought to be out in this night air. Ugh, I will have the rheumatism sure, to-morrow."

"It ain't a bad idea to retire widin the precincts av the dwelling," Maloney said; "and, docthur, dear?"

"What is it?"

"The air is damp, and we are all physically overcome wid mental exertion."

"I see all in a shibber!" declared Hannah.

"It wud not be a bad scheme, docthur," continued Maloney, "if we all wint to yez study and tuk a nip."

"Generally," replied the doctor, "I am averse to the use of spirituous stimulants; but, on this occasion, I will deviate from my principles."

"Bedad, I have deviated from my principles all av the day," Maloney stated, "I have dhrank

nothing but wather. It is fits av temporary insanity that I get upon meself that way sometimes."

The three wended their way to the doctor's study.

He turned up the lamp, and, going to a little closet, procured three glasses and a cut-glass decanter, the sight of which made Maloney's mouth water.

"Help yourself," said the doctor, pulling the stopper out of the decanter.

Hannah did.

She poured out her glass even full of spirits.

"She wur born in the Sixth Ward, I'll bet my bank account to a keg av tucks," Maloney muttered. "I can tell it by the depth av her dhruink. A fly in the top would cause it to run over."

Then Maloney helped himself.

So did the doctor.

All three drank.

They began talking over the occurrences of the night, and a second round followed.

At this point Hannah excused herself.

The doctor and Maloney, though, kept on talking.

The decanter began to get at low tide.

The speakers' voices, too, seemed to grow thick.

"There ish one thing mush be done," said the doctor, pouring out another dram.

"Wash zash?" Maloney asked, following the other's example.

"We mush 'vertise."

"Advertise?"

"Yesh."

"For who?"

"Temperance Honeshty."

"Wash for?"

"Tell him he ain't no murderer, and for come back."

"Ye wantsh that coon back?"

"Course."

Maloney arose with great dignity.

"Docthur," he said, "I thought ye wur a gemman."

"Sho I am."

"Ye ain't."

"Who shaid so?"

"I do."

"Whiaz reason?"

"Bekase yez want to advertise thatsh coon. Begorra, I believe I wud consint to be killed if I wash shure no Temperance Honeshty come back. Noice name for him. Very dispropriate. Mos' dispropriate name ever heard. Call him Temperance bekase he's always dhruink, and Honeshty on account av his staling iverything widin reach."

"Prejudiced," hazily said the doctor.

"Gainst who?"

"My servant. Mush 'vertise. Can't help it."

"Thin ye rarely mane it?"

"Like zer—zer ancient what-you-callums—natives of shome country—in—in—mosh 'markable zing, but it's skipped my memory. I never lie. No gentshelman or scholar ever does. Mush 'vertise; got to do it."

Maloney staggered to the door.

"Zash shettles it," he said; "goin' up-stairs to bed. Know what I mane to do."

"Go 'sleep?" asked the doctor, who was beginning to nod.

"No, sher. I mane to pack me thrunks. I am going to lave to-morrowsh."

The intelligence did not seem to worry the doctor much.

He was just in that happy, contented state when he would not have cared a copper if the whole school left him.

"Good-nightsh," uttered he, as he nodded over.

Maloney made no reply.

"He thinks more av the smoked meat thin he does av me," he grumbled. "All roight; if he advertises for zat coon come back, I'll advertise, too. I'll advertise liberal reward for anybody to kill him 'fore he comes back. Maloney niver gits roight—no, lift; wash ish it the boys shay? Guesssh zat it ish roight. Maloney niver gits aither, anyway."

Having solved the problem in a general way, Maloney started up-stairs.

It was a task of great difficulty, but finally he accomplished it and reached his room.

The door was shut.

Now Maloney remembered that he had left it open.

"Wind must shut it," he said; so, after several unsuccessful efforts, he succeeded in finding the handle.

He tried it.

It was locked.

"I didn't lock it," said he, "couldn't; kay on inside. Shomebody else lock it; bar me out."

He resolved, though, that he would not be barred out.

"Shome thin byes' thricks 'gain," he solilo-

quized. "Wish I had can kerosene. Shet foire to the whole place, burn up all 'zer byes. Sherve em roight. Betsh they're in zere now, smoking me besht shegars, an' dhruinkin' up all av me bay rum."

He knocked at the door.

No reply.

Then Maloney got mad.

"They moightsh have manners for answer me," he said. "Open the dure, ye suns av guns."

All was stillness.

"Bad cess to yez sowls," yelled he. "I givsh fair warning. Opensh dure 'fore I shay wan, two, three, or I'll bust it in. Whin I get in ye will wish ye wur in zer Land Canaan. Open."

Yet quietude reigned.

Maloney lost all patience.

He began the count.

"Wan!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

As the last word issued from his mouth he threw his full weight, shoulder first, against the door.

The door was but a shell.

It gave way with a crash, and Maloney was precipitated head-first into his room.

Now, amongst the various generally useless articles that he had sent up from the city, was an English bath-tub, canopy-formed, with shower attachments.

He had taken a bath that afternoon, and forgotten to empty the tub, so that it was nearly three-quarters filled with dirty water.

By some unknown—at least unknown just then—agency, the bath-tub had been moved from the place in the closet where Maloney had left it, to within a few feet of the door.

So it occurred that when Maloney came flying through the ruins of the door, he tripped and went souse into the bath-tub.

In order to save himself, he grasped at the first thing that came to his hand.

It was the string which connected with the shower.

Not realizing what he was doing, he pulled it. Down came the water in a perfect torrent.

Maloney was fairly deluged.

"Howly murder!" shrieked he, "the roof has come off, and it is meself who is being dhrown'd. But how the devil did I get into me bath-tub?"

There being a lamp in the room, he could plainly see objects.

He attempted to get out of his watery quarters. The attempt was a partial failure, for in his endeavors to escape he overturned the bath-tub.

He and it rolled over upon the floor, the water from the tub running out all over his person and half drowning him.

PART XV.

MALONEY struggled with that shower-bath for several minutes.

All of the time, though, in such a dazed condition was he, that he kept a tight hold upon the string which brought the water down into the bath from the box above.

The result, of course, you can easily conjecture.

Maloney could not have been more thoroughly soused if he had fallen off a dock.

At last, though, he regained his scattered wits sufficiently to let go of the string, and also crawl out of the bath.

Turning up the wick of his kerosene lamp, he surveyed himself in the glass.

"Bedad," said he, "I luk as if I had thried to swim the Niagara Falls, and I believe that those devils av lads are at the bottom av me wetness. But how in the wuruld could they get into me room and flx the bath—fool meself wuz I for buying it anyway—and thin get out, locking the door on the inside? Sure they could not have eloped through the key-hole."

The more that Maloney thought over the problem, the more perplexed he was.

He examined the ceiling. It seemed all right.

"They could not have dropped down through the roof," he soliloquized, "bekase the plastering bears no soign av an aperthure. But wan thing is evident, somebody tuk me bath out av the closet and put it where I could fall into it, or ilse I never wud have fell into it."

Having delivered himself of this latter piece of logic, Maloney concluded that the best thing that he could do was to disrobe himself of his wet clothing.

This he did quite quickly, the involuntary bath which he had received having to a great extent sobered him.

He turned into bed.

"Be heavens," he said, as he sank into a doze, "I wud give half av me fortune for the name

av the sucker who laid the wathery thrup for me."

The name of the "sucker" was Tom.

Maloney's room adjoined the dormitory in which Tom slept.

The windows were very close together.

It will be recollected that Maloney opened his window when he told the doctor to hold up his hands or else be shot for a burglar.

When the Old Boy went down to investigate into affairs, he forgot to close the window again, so it remained open.

Now, Tom Ready anticipating more developments in the duel racket, had not gone to sleep.

True, he had turned into bed and closed his eyes, but his slumber was counterfeited.

While all of the rest of the boys, even Bob Morris, had arrived at the land of Nod, he was still wide awake.

So it was that he heard the racket between the doctor and Hannah out in front of the house, and also heard Maloney's window open.

His curiosity was aroused.

He slyly crept to the window of the dormitory, his bare feet making no sound upon the matting on the dormitory floor, and peered out.

So it was that he was an unperceived witness of the whole affair, and nearly suffocated himself suppressing his laughter, for he did not desire to awake any of the other boys. He preferred to have all of the fun to himself.

While looking out he noticed the close vicinity of Maloney's window.

It was but a step from sill to sill.

The idea prompted simply by a spirit of mischief, came into his head to enter Maloney's apartment.

He waited until the doctor, Maloney and Hannah had gone into the house, and then put his idea into execution.

Carefully he got out of the dormitory window and stood upon the sill.

Catching hold of the frame-work of both the windows, he cautiously crossed.

A minute later he was in Maloney's room.

Then he looked around to see what piece of mischief he could execute.

The door of the closet chanced to be open, and he caught sight of the bath.

Then he put into execution the scheme of placing it where Maloney could fall into it when he came in.

The locking of the door was an after-thought.

He knew Maloney's impetuous nature, and conjectured, rightly, as events proved, that if Maloney found out that he could not get in any other way, he would break down the door.

So he did.

And Tom, again in bed, having returned to his cot the same way that he had left it, heard the racket occasioned by the door's downfall, and grinned all over.

The noise awoke some of the other boys.

"What's that?" queried Bob Morris. "Who is awake?"

"Me," answered Tom Ready.

"What is it?"

"What?"

"That noise."

"What noise? I didn't hear any."

"You didn't?"

"No."

"Then you must be deaf as a post."

"Nothing of the sort. I guess that I have got just as good ears as you have. I tell you I didn't hear any noise, and I have been lying awake for nearly an hour."

"I heard a noise, too," spoke up one of the other boys.

"And I," said another.

"Me, too," a third testified.

So Bob Morris' testimony was corroborated by three witnesses.

Tom, even then, played incredulous.

"What sort of a noise was it?" asked he.

"Like breaking down a door," said Bob.

Tom grinned.

"Are you all right in your head, Bob?" he interrogated.

"You bet."

"No shooting pains or anything of that sort?"

"Course not. Why the question?"

"Because your account of the noise is so absurd. Who do you suppose is going around here breaking down doors? You fellows are all off of your cabase. Go to sleep. I thought that the unexpected luxury of watermelon for supper would disarrange your intellects," and Tom turned over and prepared to go to rest, this time really.

The other boys were doubtful, but they thought, after consideration, that it would be best to follow Tom's precedent.

"But I heard a noise, all of the same," Bob Morris said.

The doctor did not go to bed at all that night.

His unwonted potations had exercised a lethargic influence upon him, and he slept soundly in his chair till he awoke with a start.

It was broad daylight.

He looked at his watch.

The time-piece indicated the hour of eight A.M., late for the doctor, who generally arose with the lark.

"What in the world am I doing in this chair? Bless my soul, I ain't even undressed! What—"

He stopped short.

Gradually the events of the preceding evening came to his memory.

He recollected events plainly enough until it came to Maloney and himself being left alone over their cups.

Then affairs seemed hazy.

"We had some words, I think," mused he. "Yes, I am quite sure we had some words. But what were they about? It seems to me that Temperance Honesty had something to do with it, but how, I can't exactly tell. Never mind, I will ask Mr. Maloney, and—"

Suddenly a terrible memory came to the doctor.

Maloney had threatened to leave.

The doctor did not want him to.

Not for a cent.

He was making too much money out of the Old Boy altogether, for, in addition to the exorbitant rates for education (it is doubtful if Maloney had opened a book since he had been a private pupil), there were little extras, like washing, etc., which helped to swell the size of the doctor's bundle.

"I must see Mr. Maloney," he decided, "and if I have offended him in any way it will be to my interest to—ahem—apologize."

With this resolution the doctor left his room to seek Maloney.

He did not have far to go.

The first person that he saw after crossing the threshold of his study was Maloney himself.

Maloney did not look perfectly happy.

He had the general appearance of a Sunday-school deacon who had been to a cock-fight and got found out.

His face was pale, his eyes swollen, and it looked as if he had had to invoke the aid of a fire-shovel to put on his hat.

"Good-morning," saluted the doctor.

Maloney glared at the speaker from out of his red-rimmed eyes.

"Faix, it ain't good morning at all," he said.

"It is bad morning wid a vengeance. I feel as if I had been on an unalloyed tear since the hour av me birth. It is completely fragmented am I—"

"I—I guess that we both took a little more than was good for us," hazarded the doctor, with a sickly smile. "Too much inward liquid refreshment frequently proves injurious."

"It wur not the inward liquid that I object to as much as the outward," growled Maloney.

"What do you mean?"

"Have ye beheld the door?"

"Why?"

"Bekase it's as foine a sample av a ship wreck as iver ye laid yez eyes upon. A battering-ram could not have done the worruk more effectually than meself. 'Tis elephantine muscularity do I possess in me shoulders. It wud take a door av sheet-iron to stand forninst me."

The doctor seemed in a quandary.

He did not exactly understand the drift of Maloney's discourse.

"So your door is broken?" he uttered.

"Didn't I tell ye so?"

"And broken by—by—"

"Meself. I tould yez that, too. It's a befogged intellect that ye must be the owner av this morning. Do ye want me to put me statements into a cannon and disperse thim into yez cranium?"

The doctor passed his hand over his forehead as if to brush away some unseen incubus.

"I do believe that I am not quite in the full possession of my reasoning faculties this morning," the doctor admitted, "but still I cannot see the necessity of your breaking down your own door. You carry a key, do you not?"

"But it wur on the inside, and somebody locked me out."

"Was anybody in your your room when you entered it?"

"No."

"Then how could they lock the door upon the inside and get out of the room?"

"That is jist what puzzles me. I wud give a bunch av golden pineapples to any wan who wud satisfactorily solve the conundrum. I have only wan solution."

"Name it."

"That the wan who locked the door jumped out av the windy."

The doctor shook his head.

"Not possible," he stated; "the distance is too far. Any one trying to jump from your window would be surely killed."

"Well," confessed Maloney, "I did not care so much for the door as I did for the afther episode. Nearly drownded wur I. I fell into me shower-bath, upset it, and ye ought to have seen me and me room. I lukked loike a submerged rat, and me room had the appearance av a swamp afther a heavy rain."

Then, in response to a question of the doctor's, Maloney told his experiences of the night before in full.

The doctor fairly wrung his hands.

"Instead of keeping up its reputation as the finest young gentleman's educational institution in Connecticut, my school seems rapidly degenerating into a lunatic asylum," he wailed.

"Roight are ye," assented Maloney; "and it is all wan min's—if I can call him a man—fault."

"Who?"

"That liver-lipped coon wid the puff-ball abdomen, Timperance Honesty. If iver I see him again it is a candidate for a grave will I make out av him. Though, shure, I don't belave that wan grave wud do him. He wud want a whole platoon av thim; indade, it is me proivate opinion that a whole cemethery wud hardly do him."

The doctor smiled deprecatingly.

"I see you have not got ever your repugnance to my colored servitor yet," said he.

"No, and I niver will tell the day—"

"What day?"

"The day that I lay him out wid an ax."

The doctor saw that it was no use to argue with Maloney, and shrugging his shoulders, he led the way down-stairs to the breakfast-table, where the boys were assembled at their morning meal.

The doctor made no public inquiry into the matter of Maloney's misfortunes.

He, however, instituted a private investigation through Mr. Castor, who being the youngest of the masters, naturally had all of the disagreeable work around the school shoved upon his shoulders.

Mr. Castor, though, proved a decided failure as a detective.

He could not get upon the trail of the guilty party. Indeed, all that he could find out about the affair was that some of the occupants of the upper-class dormitory had heard a noise like the "breaking of a door," and even then their statements were overbalanced to a certain extent by that rascal of a Tom Ready, who persisted that he had been awake most of the night, and had not heard a whisper, much less any "breaking of door" noises.

So the real culprit remained undiscovered, and will remain so, unless Dr. Pepper happens to cast his eye upon this installment.

That afternoon being of a Wednesday (every Wednesday and Saturday were half-holidays at Dr. Pepper's) Tom Ready and Bob Morris asked and received permission from the doctor to go out for a stroll.

Where they were going and what the objective point of their journey was they did not have the faintest idea, but they rambled along the country road chatting gayly.

"Say, Bob," spoke Tom Ready, as he flung a stone at a bird on the fence, "I wonder where he went to?"

"Who?"

"The moke."

"Give it up. Off to California, or recruited into the Salvation Army, I guess. He—"

Hardly had the words been spoken when there was a rustle in the bushes by the roadside.

The boys turned their attention to the spot from whence the sound came.

"Rabbits, I guess," said Bob.

He was wrong.

A second glance convinced him of that. There, peering out from amidst the bushes, was a face, a human face, of an Ethiopian but not Circassian hue.

Bob gave vent to an involuntary exclamation as he recognized the countenance.

He touched Tom's arm.

"Hist!" said he, "you saw that face in the bushes?"

"I did."

"Who was it?"

"Temperance Honesty."

"Let's call him."

The two boys went toward the bushes. There was another rustle amidst the undergrowth, and they saw a form sneaking away.

"Temperance!" called Bob.

The form stopped.

He seemed to half-hesitate whether to run away or come back.

Bob called for the second time.

"Dat youse, Bob Morris?" asked the figure in the bushes.

"Yes; come here."

Slowly Temperance came.

"Sah, ain't nobody else around?" he asked.

"No; nobody but Tom."

Assured by the words, Temperance Honesty walked fully into the road.

"Am—am de corpse on ice yet?" interrogated he.

"Whose corpse?" questioned Bob.

"Maloney's."

"Is he dead?"

"Didn't I kill him?"

"You?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you made a deuced poor job of it. The last that I saw of your supposed corpse, he was talking very profane because he could not get his new number ten boots on a number fourteen fo' t."

Temperance Honesty's face expressed almost heavenly relief.

"Den he am not dead?" spoke he.

"Not for a cent."

The darky fairly went wild with joy. He laughed and cried alternately, and nearly wrung the hands off of the two boys.

"Glory, hallelloo!" cried he; "dis am de day ob jubilee. 'Whoo! praise de Lawd! Glory—"

"Put the rest on the next train," Bob interrupted. "Now tell us where you have been all of the time?"

"In the bushes," answered the darky. "Been dere all ob de while. Nebber put in sech a time in my life. De agonies ob remorse was a-clutching at my vitals all ob de time. 'Deed I done come neah committing ob suicide. Wha' would youse advise me fo' to do now?"

"Go right home," replied Bob.

"To de school?"

"Certainly."

"S'pose de doctah no done take me back?"

"He will, fast enough. He's dead mashed on you anyway."

After considerable thought Temperance decided to risk it anyway.

And with a fervent farewell to the boys he started down the road towards the school.

"There goes one happy man," said Tom.

"Yes," Bob remarked, "he is happy. All that he wants to put him in heaven now is a hunk of watermelon."

They kept on their walk till they came to the Cedars.

There, seated upon a bench was Maloney.

"For Heaven's sake, what is it?" groaned Tom.

"A wood-nymph, I guess," said Bob.

Maloney looked up.

"Where did ye precious twins come from?" he asked.

"Out of the wilderness," Bob answered, with a wink. "How did you get here?"

"Me feet. Where are yez bound for?"

"Nowhere particular."

"Thin I guess I will go wid ye."

The boys were only too pleased at the prospect of Maloney's society. It meant fun in some shape or another.

So the three strolled through the woods for quite awhile.

Presently Tom Ready paused.

"Look!" cried he, pointing his finger at a tree.

"At what?" said Maloney.

"The hornets'-nest."

"Where?"

"On that low limb."

They looked.

There, sure enough, was a genuine hornets'-nest.

"I think that I will glimmer away from this locality," Bob Morris remarked; "hornets and I don't hitch."

"Are ye afraid av hornets?" asked Maloney.

"You bet."

"Tis a coward ye are. Niver did I see a hornet that could down me."

"That's guff."

"Not a bit."

"If it ain't I tell ye what I will do."

"Tell it."

"I won't brace you for a cent of spending money for a week if you will take a pole and knock that hornets' nest down. You don't dare."

"I don't?" Yesse," and Maloney picked up a long, dry stick which lay by the side of the path-way.

Brandishing it, he rushed toward the hornets' nest.

"It is knock their habitation into a jelly and escape widout a sting will I," he yelled.

PART XVI.

WITH pole uplifted, Maloney advanced, as was stated at the close of our last installment, toward

the hornets'-nest, which looked just as innocent as a hornets'-nest could possibly look.

The boys pretended to cajole Maloney into not hitting it.

"Leave it alone," said Bob; "the hornets never harmed you."

"Good rayson," Maloney replied.

"Why?"

"They are aware av me reputathion as a man av revenge. If iver a hornet dared to place the weight av his sting upon me cuticle, it wud be war wud I wage upon the whole race. Not a hornet wud then be left on the globe."

"That may be, but you'll get left this time. That is a bald-headed hornets'-nest, and a bald-headed hornet is a holy terror."

Maloney shrugged his shoulders.

"It is misilf that don't care if they are bald-headed," he remarked; "besides, there is no hornets in the nest. It is to let."

"But you better not 'inquire within' with that twig of yours," Tom Ready smiled, "or there will be a vacancy in the ranks of the A. O. H.S."

"Arrah, be aisy," and Maloney poised his pole.

The pole descended and the hornets'-nest came down to the ground a perfect wreck.

From out of that nest came—well, I hate exaggeration, about a million hornets.

They made a concerted attack upon Maloney. He dropped the pole with lightning quickness, just as soon as the first hornet put in his fine work upon Maloney's nose.

"Saint Patrick save me!" roared Maloney; "ivery wan av the hornets are armed wid red-hot tongues. Get away! Floi, ye divils! Seat! Get out!"

But the hornets wouldn't.

The destruction of their home had thoroughly incensed them, for the hornet has not the peaceful and quiet disposition of the dove.

They went for him vengefully.

With a wild yell Maloney took to his heels.

"Help! help!" he shrieked, plunging recklessly through bush and briar, not knowing or not caring which way, or to where he was going.

Those two young rascals, Tom Ready and Bob Morris, were fairly convulsed with mirth.

They laughed till the tears welled up into their eyes.

"I tell you that—"

Bob Morris suddenly paused.

So did his laughter.

His face, from being the very picture of mirth, changed to a chromo of agony.

He slapped wildly at his forehead.

Then he banged himself behind the ear.

"Suffering Moses!" exclaimed he, as he danced up and down, "those (slap) darned (slap) hornets (slap) have (slap) got (slap) upon (slap) me and—"

Bob could stand it no longer.

A division of the hornets which had been left in the attack on Maloney had turned their attention to him. A hornet, when good and mad, is like a woman or a billy-goat. He cannot discriminate between friend and foe, and has but one object in life, and that is to get square upon somebody.

Bob followed Maloney's example.

He ran away at the top of his speed.

Tom looked after him with his eyes widened by surprise.

"That's a clear case of biter bit," he soliloquized. "Bob got it just as much as Maloney did."

Bob—

Tom never finished the remark.

Just then he felt a sensation as if a burning darning-needle had been stuck into his cheek.

The next second the sensation was repeated beneath his chin.

Tom's face turned white.

"Hornets, by gosh!" cried he.

Tom was right.

There were hornets upon him, a regular cloud of them.

What did he do?

He did what his companions had done; what ninety-nine people out of a hundred do (unless they are crippled) when attacked by hornets—he ran; although no person was ever known as yet to shake the torments off by running. Hornets can travel as fast as flesh and blood every time.

Meanwhile Maloney was crashing through the undergrowth like a mad bull.

"What a fix for a prize scholar," he groaned. "Don't talk to me av Purgathory afther death! Be heavens, I have got moine widout the throuble av dying. Why iver did I hit that hornets' nest? Faix, I wud niver had not those divils av byes put it into me head. Whirra, whirra! sorra the day that I wur born!"

He kept on until he reached a road.

It was the road that led to the school.

Maloney did not recognize it though.

And it would have made no difference if he had.

Under the goad of the hornets' stings he would have taken any road, no matter where it led, even if its termination was in that famed locality where bad darkeys are supposed to go.

Now to retrospect.

It being a half-holiday, as you will recollect, the boys were scattered about enjoying their temporary release from scholastic duties in recreations as suited themselves. Therefore, Dr. Pepper was at liberty.

He could have his pleasure, too.

This consisted, according to the doctor's idea that afternoon, of taking a stroll.

So he took his cane, lit a cigar (the doctor did not smoke much, but when he did woo the weed it was a good one,) and started out for a stroll.

Hardly had he passed the gate of the school-yard before he encountered Major Bung.

Major Bung was red-faced.

Major Bung was fat.

Major Bung was about fifty, and he was a retired army officer who had two nephews at the doctor's school. In stature the major was short, and in temper peppery. The least thing which went wrong was very liable to provoke an ebullition of wrath on the major's part.

It was quite a walk from the depot, and the major was puffing like a porpoise.

"Hello, doctor," said he, "how are you?"

"Delighted to see you, my dear major," said the doctor, offering his hand.

The major refused it.

"Too infernal hot to shake hands," declared he; "hot enough to-day to melt iron."

"It is not very cold," admitted the doctor; "but I will confess that I have not felt the heat very much."

"Because you haven't had to walk, like I had, about four miles from a confounded railroad station, where you couldn't get a drop of ice-water—the cat was asleep in the cooler—along a road where the dust is up to your elbows, to your school."

"The depot is hardly five furlongs away," corrected mildly the doctor.

"It seemed four miles, any way," grumbled the major. "Why don't you have a carriage there?"

"I haven't any."

"Then buy one. It's a blasted shame that an old soldier like me should be obliged to tramp over your miserable roads. Buy a carriage, buy a carriage, or I will—yes, egad, I will—take Harry and Ned away from your school and send them off to sea. Good idea. They might get drowned, and I would have them off my hands. Just like my brother Dick. Fool all of his life, and a fool when he died. What did he want to leave the brats to me for—what do I know about children? Pshaw! Pugh! Bosh!"

The doctor smiled in his sleeve.

He well knew the old fellow's ways, and he well knew that the same two "brats" were dearer to the major than all of his earthly possessions.

"Where are you going, Pepper?" was the major's next question.

"For a walk."

"Got to go?"

"No."

"Then don't be a lunatic. Sit down here on the fence till I get rested. The idea of a man who hasn't got to walk going walking such a day as this for pleasure! Crazy! Madness! Come, sit down."

Willy-nilly, the major dragged the doctor to the fence and made him sit down beneath the grateful shade of the leafy limbs of an apple-tree.

"Now," said the major, "to business. How are those lumps, my wards, behaving?"

"Splendidly," answered the doctor.

"Never do anything wrong?"

"Hardly ever. In fact, major, they are model boys."

The major smiled sarcastically.

He gave the doctor a friendly punch in the ribs.

"Pepper," said he, "do you know what you are?"

"What?"

"A liar! Yes, sir, a liar!"

The doctor did not take offense.

He was too used to the major's ways for that. He only laughed, and asked:

"Upon what grounds do you make the assertion?"

"Because you state that my two wards are model scholars. They ain't. They're young villains. I know it."

"How?"

"Personally. They spent part of their vacation with me, and a nice time I had of it. I would rather go through a ten-months' campaign

than have those two boys saddled on me for ten days again."

"Did not they behave?"

"Oh, yes! Models. Put prickly pears in my bed, mclasses in my boots, mucilage in my hair-oil, and rubbed the inside of my high hat with liquid glue. They played base-ball in the parlor, got up a cat-fight in my study—confound them, I don't know what they didn't do. And finally, Ned, the worst of the two, stole five dollars out of my bureau drawers, and proposed an elopement to the cook, who is homely enough to scare potatoes out of a hill, and old enough to be his grandmother."

"You must make a little allowance for the exuberance of youth," the doctor apologetically uttered.

The major dug his cane into the ground with great force.

"Exuberance of the old Nick!" said he. "If I hadn't been a blamed old ass, like I always am, I would have welted the hide off of them with a cat-o'-nine-tails."

"Why didn't you?" slyly asked the doctor.

"Because, as I told you, I'm a blamed old ass."

"What did you do?"

"Acted as a blamed old ass naturally would."

"How was that?"

"Gave them ten dollars and sent them back to school, and— Great General Scott!"

As the major broke off his remark to suddenly make the above exclamation, he caught the doctor by the arm and pointed up the road.

Coming toward them was a man running as fast as he could, waving his arms in the wildest possible style. In the man's rear were two boys, also gesticulating insanely.

"For the Lord's sake, who are they? What do they mean? What are they about?" the major gasped.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Dr. Pepper.

As he spoke, he peered forward.

The man was rapidly advancing.

His features could be seen now.

The doctor started.

"It can't be!" spoke he.

"What can't be?" asked the major.

"The man."

"He can't be what?"

"Mr. Maloney."

"Who the blazes is Mr. Maloney?"

"My private boarder."

"And do your private boarders generally run around the road in that fashion? Anybody would think that he was a private boarder at a mad-house instead of at a respectable school."

"I'm sure I don't understand it," helplessly confessed the doctor, "and as I live there is Master Ready and Master Morris behind him."

"Who are they?"

"Two of my boys."

"They seem just as wild as your Mr. Maloney."

"It's so. What can be the matter?"

And the doctor appeared to be the image of perplexity.

The major, whose eyesight was a great deal superior to the doctor's, had been closely scrutinizing the approaching trio.

"What the deuce have they got around their heads?" he uttered.

"What is it?"

"Near as I can discern it looks like clouds."

"Clouds?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"Bugs, to all appearance."

"Clouds—bugs!" repeated the doctor. "Impossible! Why—no—yes—here they come; actually there are insects of some sort in their wake."

Hardly had the doctor spoken before Maloney dashed up.

So did the hornets.

As we said before, the hornet is aggressive. When he gets on a fight, he is on a fight, and that settles it. He don't care a continental whom he attacks.

So it was that some of the hornets, who had sort of tired of Maloney, discerning the doctor and the major, saw in those two personages fresh fields to conquer.

They embraced the chance for glory.

As the historic Assyrian is stated to have bore down like the wolves on the fold, so did the hornets bear down upon the doctor and the major.

The attack was soon felt.

Hardly two minutes elapsed after the arrival of Maloney before both of them were indulging in contortions which professional India-rubber men would find it hard to rival.

The doctor talked all the dead languages at them, while as for the major, his remarks were enough to give any conscientious clergyman the spasms.

By this time Tom Ready and Bob Morris had come up, each with his attendant flock of hornets.

Now things were decidedly lively.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the doctor, slapping and jumping, jumping and slapping; "what will I do—what can I do?"

"Favor me," wailed Maloney, "if ye have a pistol put a ball through me liver. The death will be quicker."

"Great Caesar!" responded the doctor, as one hornet, more daring than his mates, walked up the little doctor's nostril and began work inside. "Wh-what are these awful creatures?"

"Jelly-fish," faintly answered Bob, who had got down into the dust of the road, and was trying to escape his enemies by rolling over and over.

"Hornets, you fool!" snapped the major—"hornets, and blamed big hornets at that, blank them! But I ain't been in the army for nothing. I know how to get rid of the little rascals."

"Begorra, if ye do," said Maloney, (he could hardly speak, his mouth was so swollen), "it is meself who will be yez friend for loife. There is nothing I can do that will be too good for ye."

"Follow my example," replied the major.

Speaking, he took off his coat.

Hurriedly he wrapped it around his head, wrapping it so that he could just see, part of his nose and one eye being about all that was visible to the observer.

"Do the same," said the major. "Press the coat tight around your head. See. That prevents the outside hornets from getting in and squashes those who are inside already. Learn lots of things in the army, you will."

"Bedad, I'll jine it thin," said Maloney.

"What for?"

"To learn how to get rid av hornets. Thru as I am here, there are fresh hornets undher me arm-pits now."

"Don't talk so much," said the major, in muffled tones, "but off with your coat."

Maloney did so.

So did the rest.

"Now put for the school," ordered the major, who appeared to have taken command of the company.

They did put.

That is, the best they could.

Even the doctor developed an unexpected fleetness. He ran as good as the best of them. And it was a curious procession.

Three men and two boys in their shirt-sleeves racing along a country road, with their coats over their heads, and a swarm of mad hornets trying unsuccessfully to bite through the fabrics which covered their head-pieces.

Just here we will retrospect some more.

Temperance Honesty, after meeting Bob and Tom had taken their advice and went back to the school.

The doctor being out, of course the darky did not see him.

After reflection he resolved to renew his old duties, and go on with his usual work as if nothing had happened.

One of his duties was to stand at the school-yard gate and see that none of the scholars went out without a pass from the doctor.

So he proceeded down to the gate.

Leaning idly against one of the gate-posts, he lit his pipe and puffed away at it.

Hardly had he got half-way through his smoke before the hornet veterans came dashing up.

Temperance Honesty started.

The pipe fell from his lips.

No wonder.

Our five friends presented a spectacle calculated to alarm any one, their swollen faces protruding from beneath their coats.

"It's de ole debble an' all ob de young uns!" cried the darky, as he rushed into the school-yard, and quick as a flash shut the gate on the new-comers. "G'way from heah! I'se done tole youse I'se a good niggah!"

PART XVII.

TEMPERANCE HONESTY really could not be blamed for shutting the gate in the face of his master and his master's friends, for they were enough to appal anybody.

The hornets' attacks had rendered their faces so bloated and puffed up that their countenances seemed but big puff-balls of flesh, with their eyes just dimly discernible, like currants in a plum-pudding.

"Open!" said the major: "confound your black hide, open!"

"For the love av St. Patrick do," begged Maloney. "We have the hornets baten now, but the devil only knows how quick they will be at us again."

"Go ahead, Temperance, you tar-faced fool," Bob put in, "sling open the gates."

Temperance did not see it.

An idea came to him. It was a plot.

A plot to rob the school, and the five outside of the gate were the would-be robbers.

Full of this idea, the darky promptly put up the chain and bolt across the gate.

Then he grinned sagaciously at the miserable quintette.

The doctor, noticing the chain-and-bolt act, fairly quivered with rage.

"You scoundrell!" ordered he, "open that gate. I am Dr. Pepper."

"So'm I," retorted Temperance Honesty; "jess as much as youse is."

"What do you mean?"

"Jess what I say. I'se know youse."

"Then let us in."

"Dat am cheek; de coolest cheek dat eber I done heard tell ub. Let youse in fo' to murdah and rob and rapine de school. Not much. Dis yeah chile wuz-born wid him teeth all cut."

"He's crazy; crazy as a fool!" the major declared.

Temperance Honesty only winked.

"I'se too doggoned sensible fo' youse, you old villain!" said he. "Get away fo' I send fo' de cons'able."

"What in the world do you take us for?" groaned Bob Morris.

"Jess what youse is."

"What's that?"

"Robbahs! robbahs in disguise! Wha' fo' youse got dem coats ober youse heads if youse decent folks? Dis cullud gemman hab got brains. Doan't youse fo'git dat."

Bob took the coat from off of his head.

"Don't you know me?" he inquired.

"No; and don't wantah."

"I met you on the road only half a hour ago."

"Dat's a lie!"

"And we talked."

"Wusser lie!"

"I'm Bob Morris."

"Dat am de bun lie. Bob Morris am a nice, 'spectable young gemman. You am de picture ub a boy-trump—one ob de kind dat entices melons out ob de garden and sleeps under hay-stacks."

The five were in despair.

"What will we do?" ejaculated the doctor, hopelessly.

"I know what I would do confounded well if I only had a pistol!" fumed the major. "I'd blow the whole head off of the black hound!"

Temperance heard the threat.

He reached down into his boot.

From it he pulled out his pet razor.

He made a lunge with it through the bars of the gate.

The five outside hurriedly scattered.

Temperance Honesty's face expressed the greatest satisfaction.

"Dar ain't no use ob youse tryin' fo' to get ugly," said he, "kase I'se armed, an' dat yeah razor am a pow'ful bad weapon. Ebery nick on de blade's edge represents a dead man. Oh, I'se de wickedest coon wid a razor dat eber dah wuz!"

"We don't care what you are," the doctor said. "Open that gate."

Temperance Honesty showed no signs of so doing.

Instead, he toyed with the razor, and repeated his assertions of prowess with that weapon.

Just here, though, a good angel appeared upon the scene in the person of Herr Franx, who came strolling through the school-yard, puffing away at his pipe.

He perceived that something was wrong, and came to the gate.

"Vot vos dis?" he asked of Temperance Honesty.

"I'se done sated de school."

"Vot vay?"

"Look outside de gate."

Herr Franx peered through.

The doctor burst forward.

"Professor! professor!" he called; "don't you recognize me?"

The professor looked.

"I vos not don't be aware dot I vos efer seen you somedimes anywhere before," he uttered.

"Who you vos, anyway?"

"Can it be possible that I am so disfigured that even he can't tell who I am?" almost wept the doctor. "Mr. Franx, it is me—Dr. Pepper."

"And here is me, too—Misther Maloney—or what is left av him," said the Old Boy.

Herr Franx seemed staggered.

"You vos der doctor?" he said to that gentleman.

"On my honor."

"Dot other man's Herr Maloney?"

"Tis meself will swear to it upon a crop av Bibles," affirmed Maloney.

Herr Franx put on his glasses.

He took a good look.

"Mein Gott!" he at last said, "I vos links dot I vos behold a liddle somedings dot vos look like yourselves your faces in. But vot in himmel der madder mit you is?"

"Hornets!" answered the five, in chorus.

"Where der world you gets dem?"

"I'll tell you later," impatiently answered the doctor. "Tell that black blockhead to undo the gate."

Temperance Honesty appeared irresolute.

"Shall I?" he asked of the professor.

"Mit gourse," was the reply.

Slowly the darky undid the gate.

"Youse bear witness, sah," he said to Herr Franx, "dat if dey rush in and kill us dat I didn't want fo' to loose de gate pussonally, but dat it was only in 'bedience to ordahs dat I did de deed."

Open at last swung the gate.

The five rushed in.

They were in a hurry to get to the doctor's office and get some liniment with which they could bathe their faces, which were now paining them fearfully.

As they passed Temperance Honesty the major could repress his pent-up feeling toward the fat son of Ham no longer.

The major's boot applied to the stern of Temperance Honesty's corpulent person lifted the coon fully a foot in the air.

"Take that, you—you infernal fool!" fiercely said the major, and poor Temperance Honesty had no alternative but to "take it."

He stumbled over with a groan, while the major, in a little better humor, passed on.

Temperance Honesty, when he picked himself up, glared balefully at the old soldier's retreating form.

"Ebery dog hab got his day," said he, "and so does ebery cullud pusson. I'se'll get square wid dat old tyrant, see if I don't. I wouldn't hab cared so much if he had kicked me in de head, but fo' to assault me in the tenderest part of a niggah's pusson, dat am what raises my animosity."

There were lots of boys scattered around the play-ground, and naturally the unwanted appearance of our heroes excited universal remark.

But the unlucky five did not stop to listen.

They were only too glad when they were inside of the precincts of the school.

Going at once to the doctor's office, liniment was procured.

They all bathed their faces, and thus obtained a little relief.

But not much.

At least, Maloney did not seem to feel much better.

"Have any of yez a carronade?" he wailed.

"What's that—soap?" queried Tom Ready, trying to be funny.

"No, ye young imp; it's a big breed av artillery."

"What do you want of one?"

"To blow me head off. Faix, I wud rather do thin be only fit for a side-show at a seaside museum. Me head will never get well, I fale it. Shure, if I wur to walk out into the sthreet all av the dogs wud be after me."

"Try brown paper and vinegar," suggested Bob Morris.

"Is it good?"

"Boss."

"Thin I'll thry it. Be heavens, I wud thry gun-cotton and dynamite if I thought it wud afford me any cessation av physical anguish. Ordher me a ton av brown paper and a gallon of vinegar."

Tom rang the doctor's call-bell.

In a few minutes Hannah appeared.

"Got any brown paper?" asked Bob.

"Lots, sah," answered Hannah.

"Vinegar?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you know how to mix up a plaster?"

"Deedy I do, sah."

"Then make up five or six plasters of brown paper and vinegar for Mr. Maloney."

"All right, sah."

Hannah started off.

Before she got to the door, though, Bob had intercepted her.

"Hey, Hannah!" said he, slipping a quarter into her hand.

"Well?" said she.

"Put pepper on those plasters."

She caught onto to the racket.

"I'se'll do it, only don't give me away," she said, as she disappeared down the stairway.

"Never," and Bob went back to the others, who were too absorbed in their individual woes

to take much notice of his furtive colloquy with Hannah.

Till she came back Maloney sat and groaned. He swore that the pains in his face were increasing all of the time, and that he would be dead without a doubt before the rise of another sun.

The doctor, too, was disgusted.

"Nice object am I for the head of the principal educational establishment in Connecticut," he said. "I will have to keep my room for several days until the swelling goes down."

"Morris?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will excuse you two from scholastic duties until you are better."

This was a golden thread of sunshine in a black cloud to Bob and Tom.

They winked at each other.

"I am afraid that my recovery will be terribly tedious," Tom whispered.

"And mine won't paralyze any one by its rapidity," whispered back Bob.

Here Hannah arrived.

"Heah am de plasters, sah," she spoke, addressing Maloney.

Maloney grabbed them.

Bob interposed.

"Give them to me," he said.

"To put on yesilf?"

"No."

"Thin why do you want thim?"

"To put on you. You can't locate them properly yourself."

Maloney handed them over.

Carefully Bob adjusted them.

"Now you had better go right up to your own room and lie down," advised he. "Rest will help the action of the plasters a good deal."

"Thru," replied Maloney, and he went out of the room followed by Tom and Bob, who sought their dormitory, leaving the doctor and the major to sympathize with each other.

Maloney went up to his room and began to undress.

He had got off his coat, vest and shoes, when the pepper began to put in its fine work.

Talk about anguish!

"Why, what Maloney had suffered before was nothing to what he was forced to endure now."

"Mother av Moses!" bawled he, gyrating around as if he was a human top; "oh, if I only had twenty grains av rat poison it is a banquet for the wurms wud I be in a very little while. I wud gulp it raw and kick the liver out av any sucker who mentioned a stomach-pump. Me only desoire is to become an angel; and, faix, it is not mesilf who wud be particular about the fit av me wings. Oh! oh! oh!"

The pepper's smart was sufficient to make a mute speak.

"Vinegar and brown paper!" he cried; "it is a foine remedy to droive a man woid. If I only had that gossoon av a Bob Morris here I wud dthrownd him in the wather-pitcher, same as I wud a foil! Get out av the way!"

The last remark was addressed to a stool which had got in his way.

He gave it a kick.

It flew up and came down upon the china cuspidore, smashing the latter to fragments.

This seemed to please Maloney.

Half out of his senses, the noise caused by the cuspidore's breaking appeared to afford him somehow a little relief.

"Begorra, I will get aven on something!" he cried; "I will breake every dumb article av furnithure in me room!"

He began a mad assault upon the furniture.

Whack!

Crack!

Chairs fell into fragments, the towel-rack shivered against the wall, a couple of emphatic kicks sent the foot-board off the bed, and a few pulls brought the bureau over.

Unluckily for Maloney, the bureau fell upon him, pinning him to the floor. It was the greatest wonder in the world that he was not squashed.

Squirm and twist as much as he might, he was unable to free himself.

The bureau was too heavy, and it kept him down very effectually.

He realized that he must have outside aid in order to extricate himself.

Outside aid could only be obtained by calling for it.

He began yelling:

"Help! Help! Help!"

Maloney's voice was not that of a consumptive, and he shouted with sufficient vigor to take the rafters off of the roof.

His cries were soon responded to.

There was a knock, or rather a series of knocks, at his door.

The sounds were welcome to Maloney.

"Come in!" he cried.

The door opened.

Upon the threshold appeared Herr Franx, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Castor.

No wonder that the trio involuntarily held up their hands as they looked in.

Almost anybody would.

There was the room, a perfect scene of disorder and wreck of furniture, and there was Maloney, held down firmly by the bureau, howling like a fiend and batting the floor with a rocker from a rocking-chair that he had smashed.

"Mein Gott!" cried Herr Franx.

"Great Ptolemy!" exclaimed Mr. Brown.

"Shades of Euclid!" faintly ejaculated Mr. Castor.

"Vot dis vos mean?" queried Herr Franx. "Id vos seem dot dis day vos idself full of mysdery!"

"I manes, bedad, that if ye don't pull me out me death will lay at yez doors, that is all."

"But how did you get the bureau on top of you, and what means the look of the room, and—shades of Ptolemy!—what ails your face?" cried Mr. Brown.

"None av yez business!" retorted Maloney.

"Assistance first and explanathions after-wards. Pull this confounded ould bureau off av me!"

"We'd better remove the bureau," suggested Mr. Castor, timidly, for he was quite in dread of his seniors, for it being his first year under Dr. Pepper, he was to a certain extent under sufferance.

"I dinks so likewise," approbated Herr Franx.

"Let us broceed."

Mr. Brown being also of the same mind, the three went in, and after considerable exertion succeeded in removing the bureau from Maloney's prostrate and flattened-out form.

Maloney got up.

He was now relieved of the bureau, but not of the pepper.

That was still agonizing him.

He began to pull off his plasters, and as they had adhered quite well, a good deal of skin came off with them.

Maloney, though, did not care for the loss of the cuticle as long as the plasters came off, for he had concluded while under the bureau that the brown paper and vinegar in some way was the cause of his additional suffering.

Finally he had them all torn off.

Then he breathed freer.

He looked at the insides of the plasters.

Grains of pepper could plainly be discerned upon the surfaces.

Maloney stamped his foot upon the floor.

"I wud give half av me income to foind out who put up the job!" said he. "It is either Bob Morris or Tom Ready, or that chocolate-cream-drop-colored fairy in the kitchen."

The three teachers during this philippic had stood wondering by.

When he ceased Herr Franx spoke.

"Mr. Maloney," asked she, "would you dell us vy dings dis vay vos?"

"Ye are aware that I wur stung by hornets?" queried Maloney.

"Yaw."

"And, av coorse, me face wur as sore as any number av collective boils."

"Probably."

"Well, some son av a gun, or daughter av a gun, widout me knowledge, gave me a layer av pepper—crimson pepper, too—to alleviate me pangs av woe. Wait till I foind out the culprit, and yez will foind pools av blood in his vicinity."

PART XVIII.

WHEN Maloney had concluded his plaint Herr Franx addressed him.

"You vos say dot dere vos some bebbber the blasters py?" he asked.

"Some pepper?" repeated Maloney. "Somel Faix, I have an idea that three-quarters av all the pepper in the geographical wurruud wur interspersed wid the brown paper and vinegar."

"Who made dem blasters?"

"Didn't I tell you wanst before that it wur the dusky scorpion who lurks down in the kitchen?"

"Hannah?"

"Yis."

The German teacher seemed puzzled.

"Vos she mad at you?" asked he.

"Not particularly," answered Maloney.

"Den vot object could have she for to inflict you mit the bebbber?"

Maloney gave the conundrum up.

"I have half av an idea," said he, "that perhaps it is mesilf who may be wrong in blaming the female octoroon."

"Why?" asked Herr Franx.

"It wur not she who proposed the plasters first."

"It vosn't?"

"No."

"Who did?"

"That juvenile divil av a Bob Morris."

Herr Franx smiled.

A smile of satisfaction.

"Dot it seddles," he remarked.

"Settles what?" inquired Maloney; "begorra it don't settle this smart av me face. I feel as if I wur being caressed upon the countenance wid a legion av red hot pincers."

"I vos mean about the bebbber," explained Herr Franx; "dot Pob Morris was at the pottom of it if he had something anyhow to do mit it. Dot poy vos one of the vorst dot I ever myself saw. Vot you dinks he do mit me the day before veek ago yesterday?"

"He is liable to do anything," muttered Maloney; "any enormity that ye may reveal to me will not appall me at all."

"He went to work," said the German teacher, in a burst of indignation, "und filed my new nice hat mit inksdands—half-full inksdands. Yoost think mit it; dot new, nice hat vot I bays dree dollars for, all spoiled mit dem inksdands, for de ink all run out all offer."

"Didn't ye tell the docthur?" asked Maloney.

"Certainly."

"Wur he not punished?"

Herr Franx shrugged his shoulders.

"He a licking got, but vot care he for dot? No more than a duck does for a shower of rain. Der only vay to bunish dot lad would be to—"

"Blow off his head wid a cobble-stone," interrupted Maloney. "Ye can bet that if I foind out that it wur Bob Morris who put up the pepper racket on me, it is a holy innocent will he be before many more dews."

Mr. Castor sighed.

"If it were in accordance with the rules and regulations of this school," he said, "I would dearly like to inflict personal chastisement upon Master Morris myself."

"Has he bothered ye?" Maloney inquired.

"I should say so," Mr. Castor replied. "You know that I have a flute?"

"I do," plaintively replied Maloney.

Well he did.

Many a night had he been kept awake by the sounds of the junior master's musical tenor.

"I value that flute a good deal," went on Mr. Castor.

"So do I," murmured Maloney aside. "Be heavens if it wur at the bottom av the sea its value wud be priceless."

"Accidentally I left it a few nights ago upon the piazza, while I went to my apartment to get a new piece of music that I am practicing."

"Just me luck; ye can bet that it wur not mesilf who wur around or there wud have been a kidnapped flute."

Maloney uttered these last words much louder than he really meant to.

Mr. Castor partially overheard him.

"What was that you said, Mr. Maloney?" asked he.

Maloney would have flushed, but that was impossible, for his face from the hornets' stings was already the hue of the red, red lobster.

"Oh, nothing," he evaded.

"But did you not speak of kidnapping?"

"I said that Bob Morris out to be kidnapped," boldly spoke out the Old Boy.

Mr. Castor looked satisfied.

"I will confess that I had an idea that you were referring to my flute," said he.

"Arrab, the ideal!" ejaculated Maloney; "faix I am almost as fond av yez flute as ye are yersilf. 'Tis a pleasure that I enjoy av a moild moonlight night to lie a-bed and have the melody av yez instrument wafted in at the windy, along wid the musquitos and moths and other nuisances."

Although the compliment in a certain sense was ambiguous, yet Mr. Castor appeared pleased.

"I am glad that you like flute-playing," he said; "but to go on. I left my flute upon the piazza, and when I came back, what do you think?"

"Had the piazza fled?" put in Maloney.

"No."

"What thin?"

"Some rascal had plugged up all of the holes of my flute with putty and stuck a cork in one end, and I am pretty sare that Bob Morris done it, because I think that I caught sight of his form retreating around the piazza."

"Bedad, if he did, he ought to be scalped!" warmly remarked Maloney.

At this juncture the elder master, who had kept quiet, opened his mouth.

"I think that we had better leave Mr. Ma-

loney, now that we have rendered him all of the assistance necessary."

"And it is me thanks that ye will plaze carry wid yez," said Maloney, "for it is compressed to death wud I have been by the bulk av the bureau had ye not come to me rescue. But say, byes?"

"Well?" inquired Mr. Castor.

"Kape it dark."

"What?"

"The physical condition av the room. Me apartment resimble a furniture store struck by lightning. It is terrible what results follow whin I get into a fury. Actually it is afraid av meself that I am. Don't tell the docthur, for I mane to embezzle in a new suit av red plush, wid gould tassels upon ivory chair and ivory fringe around the bed."

Whether it was that they were appalled at this promised gorgeousness, or what, at any rate the three masters said that they would keep mum, and filed out of the room.

When Maloney saw them safely out of sight he re-entered his room and shut the door.

Then he smiled.

Yes, actually smiled, despite his swollen face and the anguish that the mute expression of mirth caused him.

More than that, he performed a clumsy sort of dance.

"It's the best joke that iver wur heard av," said he, "the slip av a pedagogue thinking that it wur Bob Morris who fixed his ould flute. Be heavens, it wur me!"

And Maloney felt so tickled at the reminiscence that he burst out laughing.

His laugh was broken into by the arrival of somebody at the door.

Rap!

Rap!

Maloney stopped laughing.

"Who is it?" asked he.

"Bob Morris," came the answer.

Maloney's brow contracted.

He frowned ominously.

"Shall I recaire the young monsther wid a hypocritical smille, and pretend that I wur not hurt at all wid the pepper, and wait me opportunity to get square afterwards, or lay behoid the dhoor and hit the imp undher the ear wid a chair-rung?" he said to himself.

Upon reflection he decided to adopt the former course.

Meanwhile Bob was pounding upon the door.

"Can't you let a fellow in?" asked he.

"Do ye behould a knob on the dhoor?" rejoined Maloney.

"Of course."

"Have ye a fist?"

"Two."

"Thin put thim both to the knob and turn it, ye beardless fool."

Bob did so.

He looked in surprise at the appearance of the room.

"What's been here—a tornado?" asked he.

"Yis, a loive wan," answered Maloney.

"Who was it?"

"Me."

"What ailed you?"

"Oh, nothing. I only felt loike having a little bit av exercise to relieve the paugs av the horns' embraces."

Bob smiled secretly.

He had a very shrewd suspicion that the pepper which had been surreptitiously introduced into the plasters, had a good deal to do with the looks of the apartment.

However, he changed the subject.

"How do you feel?" he interrogated.

"Oh, splindid!" sarcastically replied Maloney.

"I feel just as if I wur on a rosy bed av bliss. It is as loight-hearted am I as a robin-redbreast. I have a good moind to dhress meself up in me canary-hued suit and go out mashing. It is conquest after conquest wud I make in me prisent appearance. 'Tis a cage had I ought to be put in and sint to a Beauty show."

"There ain't the faintest degree of doubt but that you would collar the first prize," laughed Bob; then suddenly becoming sober:

"Say, old boy!"

"Say on."

"Didn't they help you?"

"What?"

"The plasters."

At first Maloney had a good mind to take Bob by the collar and kick him down stairs.

He restrained himself, however.

"Be heavens, I will taffy the sucker," he mentally resolved. Then aloud:

"They wur foine."

Bob was not exactly prepared for this answer, and he looked sort of puzzled.

"So they helped you?" replied he.

"Didn't I tell ye? They wur a blissid relief,

Niver did I experience such alleviathion. Did ye thry one?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, I—er—that is——" and Bob faltered for an excuse.

Just then Maloney's eye caught sight of a couple of the plasters lying upon the floor where he had flung them after tearing them off.

He picked them up.

"They are the greatest thing in the worruld," declared he, as with a rapid motion he slapped them both upon Bob's face, and held them tightly pressed to the youngster's cheeks.

Poor Bob!

The biter was bit.

The pepper got in its work upon his face as nicely as it had Maloney's, for Bob's countenance was about as badly stung.

"Oh, oh!" yelled the lad.

Maloney paid no heed to Bob's appeal.

He was inexorable.

He kept the plasters tightly pressed.

"Ain't it foine? Don't yez feel a good deal better?" he maliciously asked.

Bob squealed like a pig.

"Lemme go," he begged, as he tried to kick the bark off of Maloney's shins.

"Shure, that is noice thanks that I get for thrying to heal yez," persisted Maloney; "haven't yeany gratitude in yez mix-up?"

Bob didn't appear to have.

At least, his actions did not so show.

He kicked away like a young colt, and finally succeeded in catching Maloney just under the knee-pan.

Immediately Maloney uttered a cry and released his prisoner.

Bob darted away.

"You flannel-mouthed terrier, I'll pay you up for this—see if I don't!" he wailed, as he ran down the hall. "I'll make you sick!"

"Faix, I think I've made ye sick," muttered Maloney, and, strangely to say, after that he felt better.

Well, it was almost two weeks before all the actors in the hornet racket got over the results of that affair. As for Bob and Tom, it took them about three, which was not very wonderful, seeing that they were not obliged to attend to school duties during that period.

It was a glad day for Maloney when he was able to promenade around once more in all his pristine splendor.

His first visit was down to the little tap-room which we spoke of before which was kept by Mr. Grady.

Mr. Grady was delighted to see Mr. Maloney.

"It is good for sore eyes to see ye, Mr. Maloney," said the keeper of the tap-room.

"I am glad to see ye also, Mr. Grady," returned the Old Boy.

"Are ye well?"

"Niver better."

"Recovered from yez wounds?"

"Completely."

"I heard that yez face wur quite a soight."

"Begob, it wur a whole panorama."

"Wan wud niver think it now."

"Why?"

"Bekase I never saw yez complexion so pure. Ye luk loike a lily."

"Thanks, Mr. Grady; what will ye have?"

"A sup av the little brown jug. And yez own?" Maloney puckered his lips.

"It is a koind av acrid taste that I have in me mouth," remarked he. "I belave I ate too much musk-melon poi. I think I will take a quart bottle av Fiddler Heidsick."

"It is all out av it am I, bad cess to the luck," declared Mr. Grady, who had not had a bottle of wine in the house all of his life.

"Thin have ye Mumm's Secondary?"

"Shure I ordered nine cases by express last Winsday, and it is the quarest thing in the worruld that they have not come."

"Ah, ha! Well, I must put up wid the widdy."

"Widdy who?"

"Clickot. Give me a quart crisk av her."

Mr. Grady's face grew mournful.

"Me last bottle av Widdy Clicker wur dhrunk up by a parthy last noight," said he.

"Thin if ye have no fliz I suppose I will have to reduce meself to a low-class potion. Give a thimbleful av whisky to me."

Now Maloney knew as well as Mr. Grady that whisky and beer were the only drinks in the house, and the wine talk was all for the benefit of three or four persons who were sitting around.

To these Maloney turned.

"Will ye join me, gents?" asked he.

Would they?

Would ducks swim?

They were at the little bar in a miraculously quick time.

Mr. Grady introduced them.

"Mr. O'Keefe, Major O'Donnell, Mr. McMud, Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Garvey—Mr. Maloney," said he.

The five gentlemen graciously acknowledged the introduction, and drank with our hero. Mr. Grady signaled Maloney to come to one end of the bar.

"Hist!" said he: "put down your ear, Maloney."

Maloney did.

"Deeper."

The ear was inclined more.

"Do ye know those gents?"

"The foive I thrated?"

"Yis."

"No."

"Niver met thim here before?"

"Niver."

"Oh, thrue, I forgot. Ye have been away for over two weeks, Maloney."

"Well?"

"Ye are a man av discrethion."

"Ivery toime."

"Ye are a friend av Oireland?"

"Faix, I'm her mash."

"Ye can kape a saycret?"

"Wid me loife."

"Thin I will tell yez wan. Put yez ear down more. Those foive men are dynamite flends. They mane to blow up all av bloody Britain. "Success to thim wid all av me sowl. It wud give meself the greatest playture to lift up Quane Victoria wid a grane bombshell."

Here their colloquy was interrupted by a call from Major O'Donnell, who was a tall, bronzed-faced, big-whiskered fellow, with a nose that looked like a danger signal.

"Have one with me, Mr. Maloney?" asked he.

Nothing loath, Maloney obeyed.

More drinks followed, until at last the party began to feel quite happy.

The major, it was plain to see, was the leader of the party.

All sat down at a table.

Mr. O'Keefe, who was a little man with a cock-eye and a limp, sat next to Maloney.

Mr. O'Keefe grew confidential.

"You notice the major?" he said in a low lone.

Maloney said he did.

"A remarkable man."

"I dare say."

"Brave as a lion."

"He lugs it."

"It is he who has been in eighteen English jails and escaped out of nineteen."

"Ye don't say."

"Fact. Didn't the major at Bally-Corum-Aboo hould in check a squadron of the red-coated Sassensachs, while the rist av the byes—there wur foive av thim that had been redhressing of the wrongs of dear old Ireland by shooting a tyrant of a landlord who had dared to collect his rents—made their escape."

The major interposed in the conversation.

"What is that ye are talking about, O'Keefe?" asked he.

"You," modestly replied Mr. O'Keefe.

"What about me?"

"Just telling Mr. Maloney about your adventure at Bally-Corum-Aboo."

The major's brow darkened.

The major's fist fell upon the table with a thump that made the glasses jingle.

"O'Keefe!" he sternly said, fixing his eye upon that individual.

O'Keefe quailed.

"What, major?" he asked.

"You're a fool!"

"An idiot," declared Mr. McMud.

"A lunatic," remarked Mr. O'Hara.

"A jackass," said Mr. Garvey.

Mr. O'Keefe appeared consternated.

"Why?" feebly interrogated he.

"Mr. Maloney is a stranger to us. Although Mr. Maloney appears to be a perfect gentleman, and wan av our own nathionality, how can I tell the views that he may entertain? He, at prisint, is wid us, but not of us. O'Keefe, if ye kape on wid yez carelessness av act and spache, I will be forced to report ye to the Supreme Council. Thin ye will be blacklisted and kilt widin twinty-four hours. Raymimber the fate of Red Patrick!"

"Stabbed on his own door-step in the prisence av his aged aunt, for threachery to the ordher," put in Mr. McMud, in a tragical voice.

"I am sure, major——" began Mr. O'Keefe.

"It is all roight, byes."

It was Mr. Grady who checked Mr. O'Keefe's remarks.

"What do ye mane?" queried the major.

"Maloney is wan av us."

"Will ye vouch for him?"

"I will."

"Wid yez loife?"

"Wid me loife."

"Ye swear?"

"I do."

The major's face relaxed its stern expression. "As all is well that ends well, ye are pardoned, O'Keefe," said he; "but don't repeat the offense. Now Mr. Maloney, a worrud wid ye." It is not necessary to fully report the dialogue that followed.

Suffice it to say that Maloney was informed that his five friends were delegates from the Supreme Council of the Dynamite Deliverers of Erin, and had come to Stamford for the purpose of establishing a branch of the organization in the town.

For that purpose a grand mass-meeting was to be held at a hall the next evening.

"The people, be jabers, are wild wid enthusiasm," said the major. "Conthributhions have flowed in from all soides. Ivery man, wid any spark av patriotism, has put his hand in his pocket and contributed."

This was a hint which Maloney felt was too pointed to be disregarded.

He pulled forth his pocket-book, and took out a fifty-dollar bill.

"Here is wid ye," said he.

The major's eyes sparkled.

He clutched the bill with avidity.

"Ye are in truth a frind av the ould sod," declared he. "Mr. Maloney, ye must promise."

"What?"

"To be prisint to-morrow noight, and make a spache. I can tell, Mr. Maloney, that ye are a born orator."

Feeling flattered, Maloney promised.

Then a farewell drink, and the Dynamite Deliverers of Ireland dispersed.

Maloney walked home elated.

"Me path, afther all, to fame, is in politics," soliloquized he. "This is but the beginning av me career. Who knows but centuries from now that there will be two yearly anniversaries celebrated by the Irish Republic—Saint Patrick's Day and Maloney's Day."

That evening Tom Ready came into the Old Boy's room. What must Maloney do but tell Tom all about the next night's mass-meeting, and the part that he was to take in it.

Tom did not say much.

But there was a far-away look in his eyes, which denoted that he was thinking a good deal.

Twenty-four hours swiftly passed away.

The appointed time for the meeting found Maloney at the hall.

There was a tremendous jam.

The street in front of the hall was crowded, and people were packing themselves together like sardines in efforts to get in at the door.

Maloney looked around sort of helplessly.

"A man makes to have the small-pox to get through that crowd," he said.

At that minute he was touched upon the shoulder.

He turned.

There was Major O'Keefe.

"Follow me," said he. "We will go in the rear door. Arrah, but this is a great day for ould Oireland!"

Maloney acquiesced and followed.

They entered at the back door and walked upon the stage, upon which was seated a number of Hibernian gentlemen, looking extremely uncomfortable in their full-dress suits. Below the seats were packed with an enthusiastic mob. Major O'Keefe marched Maloney to the foot-lights.

"Leddies and gintlemen," shouted the major, "allow me to introjice to ye Mr. Maloney, the celebrated frind av Oireland for the Oirish!"

There was a burst of applause and Maloney bowed and simpered.

PART XIX.

MALONEY, as we said at the close of our last installment, was received with tumultuous cheers.

To use a theatrical expression, the house fairly rose at him.

With a very red face he bowed his thanks.

"Leddies and gintlemen," he ejaculated, "ye do me proud. I will never forget this noight;" then, amidst another hail-storm of applause he walked to the back of the stage and took a chair.

The major was very enthusiastic, also.

"We will hear from our distinguished friend later," he said to the assemblage; "manewhille allow me to introduce Mr. Corrigan, who served six months in Kilkenny jail for saying that the Quane av England lukked loike a piethur upon a Japanese fan."

Then Mr. Corrigan, who was a fiery little Hibernian of the jumping-jack pattern, began an

elaborate address, which was wildly applauded. We will leave him to finish it, while we retrospect for a while.

You will recollect that Tom Ready had not appeared at all concerned about Maloney's debut into the ranks of the Dynamite Defenders. Instead, he passed it over very carelessly, in the Old Boy's presence, as if it was a matter of only casual interest.

The sly rascal!

He was up to a job-all of the while, and he carried it through, too.

From Maloney's talk he learned who the Defenders were, and posted himself well in their habits. His experience in a lawyer's office served him well there.

The night of the mass-meeting at Stamford, Tom Ready could have been seen loitering around Grady's saloon, evidently waiting for some party.

He had not long to wait.

Out of the door of the little tap-house issued Mr. McMud and Grady himself.

They were dressed in their best, with shiny high hats on, and carried canes. From their mouths massive cigars protruded.

It was evident that they considered the mass-meeting a very great affair.

Tom could see at once that both had been indulging in that action known amongst the convivial as "taking a ball."

The somewhat inflamed state of their countenances, and a certain leery expression about the eyes denoted that. Still they were not, by a long ways, positively intoxicated.

Having locked up his saloon and placed upon the door a padlock almost as big as the structure itself, Mr. Grady started up the road, Mr. McMud pausing for a minute to ignite a match upon the stern of his pants.

Here was Tom's chance.

He came out from behind the tree against which he had been leaning.

He approached Grady.

Grady recognized him.

"Hello, Tom!" said he.

"Hello!" was the reply.

"How are ye, me young cock-sparrow?"

"Good!"

"Have a cigar?"

"Is it one of your own?"

"Proivate stock."

"Then I don't want it. I ain't ready to put on a white robe and twit'er away on a harp just yet. But say, Mr. Grady?"

"What?"

"I have a matter of great importance to speak to you about."

"Ye have?"

"Yes."

"Then spake loively, for I am hurried."

"You are one of the Dynamite Defenders?"

Grady started back.

The purple faded for a moment from his face. His cigar nearly dropped from his mouth.

"What are ye talking about?" faltered he.

"What I said," coolly answered Tom.

"Ye are wild?"

"Not much."

"What do ye mane about Dynamite Defenders?"

"That you belong to them."

"Shure, too much novel reading has turned yez wits."

"You will find out that I know perfectly well of what I am speaking," said he. "Maloney belongs to your society, too."

Grady's brow clouded.

"Who told ye?" he asked.

"He did."

"Ye are not lying?"

"Do I look like a penny Ananias?"

Grady turned.

"McMud," he called, "come here!"

"In a minute," replied Mr. McMud. "It is foine matches that ye kape, Mr. Grady. Faix, I have worn out the sate av me pants thrying to get a loight. It is in the middle av me second box will I be soon."

"Domn the loight," impatiently said Grady; "come here, I tel ye."

Mr. McMud hastened to obey.

"What is the rayson ye can't kape yez coat on for a minute?" asked he. "It is in a terrible stew that ye seem to be."

"I have cause," replied Grady. "Maloney has given it away that I belong to the Dynamite Defenders."

"And more than that," put in Tom; "he—he—he—is—is—. Oh, I do hate to reveal his duplicity, for he is Irish, and so am I."

"Ye?" incredulously asked Mr. McMud.

"Of course. Wasn't I born in the Sixth Ward of New York? But Maloney, he is—he is—"

"Out wid it," Grady angrily said.

"The lowest being on earth."

"What's that?"

"A spy!"

If ever there were two agitated men they were Grady and Mr. McMud.

"A spy!" they ejaculated.

"Yes, sir, and a British spy at that," declared Tom, with calmness. "He has joined your order so that he can find out all about your schemes and projects, and expose them to the blood-stained tyrants of Britain. You see he heard that you were coming down here, so he comes to the doctor's school and passes for a good-natured old fool. He is as sly as they make them, he is."

"How did you find out that he was a spy?" asked Mr. McMud, suddenly.

Tom was prepared.

His responses were all ready.

"Maloney has one fault," he said.

"What?"

"He talks in his sleep."

"He does?"

"Yes, and that was what gave him away. The other night he was sick—too much lobster salad—and he thought that he was going to die, sure. Nothing would do but that I must stay up with him and let people know when he died. Well, he got asleep; it was a restless, uneasy slumber, and while tossing to and fro upon the bed, he let everything out. I meant to tell you about it before, but I could not get out of school."

The two Defenders stood mute for a moment.

Each was thinking.

Tom's story seemed very plausible.

Surely Maloney's being at the doctor's school in the search of ostensible education did seem a very remarkable action. -It looked either the act of a fool or a knave.

Mr. McMud was the first to speak.

"I suspected it all along," he uttered; "shure, it wur all yez fault, Grady."

"What fur?"

"Introjooing him."

Grady made a gesture of despair.

"How could I help it?" said he; "he would have taken any man in. Here he comes to me place almost ivery noight, acts loike rale quality, is liberal and free wid his money, and the bist not to good fur him. Wud not ye yeself, from what ye have seen av him, McMud, tuk him to be on the square?"

Mr. McMud cogitated.

"Me moind is in a tumult from what I have heard," he said. "I need a stimulant. We have plinty av toime to reach the mating to expose the perfidy av Maloney. Let us return to yez shebang and have a considerathion smole."

Grady agreed.

"Will ye come wid us?" asked Grady of Tom.

Tom declined.

He pleaded as an excuse that he had to go right back to school.

Really he wanted to get away, meet Bob Morris, and go down to the Stamford Hall, for he felt sure that the revelations he had made to the Defenders would cause a lively old time with Maloney when the pair got there.

So he slipped off.

Grady and Mr. McMud returned to the little inn.

The padlock was taken from the door, the key turned in the lock, and soon they were seated at a table with a black bottle and two glasses in front of them.

Grady filled the glasses.

"Here's to—," began he, elevating his potion.

"Maloney's murder!" finished Mr. McMud.

The toast was drunk with a vim.

Mr. McMud jarred his glass violently upon the table.

"The baste!" exclaimed he.

"The renegade!" exclaimed Grady.

"The cur!"

"The darty sucker!"

"The rapparee!"

"The snake in the ghrass!"

"The scorpion that we warrumed in our bosom!"

So they called him names until they had exhausted all of their vocabulary of epithets, and also exhausted quite a portion of the contents of the black bottle.

Their potations did not have a pacifying effect.

The color in their faces grew more pronounced in hue, and their eyes fairly blazed.

"Maloney must be dealt wid," hoarsely said Grady.

"Violently," said McMud.

"Death is the spy's doom."

"Ye are roight."

"He must die."

"Loike a bed-bug."

"At wanst."

"At wanst!"

The two shook hands over it.

"Have another dhrop," said Grady.

Mr. McMud was nothing loath. "But this is the last, Grady," declared he. "Now we must act. I have a plan."

"Reveal it." "We will proceed at wanst to the hall, and there publicly massacre the traitor. I suppose that he is seated upon the platform now, dressed like a lord in the proceeds of his perfidy, a coffee-rose perched in his button-hole, and a tinct shoe upon his brogans, a-taking av iverything in to mind to the other soide. Whin we get there we will pull him out av his seat immediately and massacre him. What say ye?"

Grady agreed.

The scheme appeared a fine one.

Once more was the little saloon shut up, and Mr. McMud and Grady started, somewhat unsteady, for Stamford, vowing vengeance at every step.

Meanwhile the mass-meeting had continued with great success.

Mr. Corrigan's speech had been loudly applauded, and he was followed by several other enthusiastic orators, who dilated upon the wrongs of Erin in most pyrotechnical style.

As the last of them was winding up his address, the major spoke to Maloney:

"Now is yez toime," said he.

"For what?" asked Maloney.

"Yez spache."

"Whose spache?"

"Yez."

"What do ye mane?"

"Arrah, did ye not tell me that ye would make a spache for us to-night?"

If Maloney had been requested to get up and turn a triple somersault in mid-air, he would not have been more appalled.

"Me make a spache," said he, "me? Troth, if I do the only paper to have it published in will be the Lunatics' Journal. Do you desoire me to create a panic in the audience?"

"Nonsense; ye can spake as good as any av the rist," answered the major. "Go ahead; I will announce ye."

Before Maloney could stop him, the major was before the footlights.

"Leddies and gents," said he, "I have the great honor to announce an address by Mr. Maloney, who will dilate wid his usual elocutionary vigor upon the subject which has called us all together this evening."

The rafters of the roof fairly shook with the clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

Somehow it had got rumored around that Maloney was to be a sort of American Parnell; the guiding star of the Irish people in America.

Maloney advanced toward his audience.

He felt nice.

And comfortable.

And perfectly at ease.

No doubt he would have given half that he was worth rather than face the expectant multitude below.

It had to be done, though.

Fairly was he in the box.

"Leddies and jintlemen," faltered he, "I—"

"Hurray!" yelled somebody, and the cry was taken up by five hundred throats.

The enthusiasm continued for fully five minutes, and that gave Maloney time to recover a little of his self-possession, and to frame his thoughts as for what he was going to say next. He blurted it out.

"The United States is a great country, and in course av toime it may rank nixt to Ir-land."

This statement called forth another torrent of approbation.

Maloney felt flattered.

"Bedad, I belave that I wur cut out for an orator afther all," he said to himself. "Me fust sentence has evidently cracked their bones, and me second, begorra, will break their hearts."

He continued:

"Ireland should be for the Irish, and not for the Dutch. I mane the dirty Sassensach!"

The applause sounded again.

Maloney went on.

His address was a regular rigmarole, a jumble of all sorts of talk about the Green Isle and its sights and wrongs, about which subject he knew just as much as a kangaroo would about fly-fishing.

He got himself warmed up, however, and would have probably kept on all night had it not

been for a sudden and unforeseen interruption.

Two gentlemen with very red faces and very high hats bounded in upon the stage from the rear entrance.

They dashed through the seated row of invited guests, who were listening in painful constraint, knocking over several of them, chairs and all, and went for Maloney.

The gentlemen were, as you probably have guessed, Grady and Mr. McMud.

"Traitor!" bawled Grady.

"Spy!" howled Mr. McMud.

As they spoke Grady hit Maloney a vigorous clip under the ear, while Mr. McMud deftly tripped him up.

Down with a thud came Maloney to the floor.

"We've downed the informer!" triumphantly screeched Mr. McMud. "Now kick the stuffing out av him!" and the speaker proceeded to carry out his remarks by administering a series of violent kicks upon Maloney's body.

His example was followed by Grady.

In a minute Maloney was being used as a football.

Major O'Keefe sat as if dazed for a spell.

Then he sprang to his feet.

So did the rest of those upon the stage, and the audience followed suit.

The major rushed forward to where the combatants were struggling, for Mr. McMud, in trying to get in an unusually effective kick, had lost his balance and fallen down.

Grady fell over him.

Thus, the whole three were wrestling around on the board floor of the stage.

The major grabbed Mr. McMud, who was the first one that his hands reached.

He yanked him out of the *melee* by the collar.

"What ails ye?" said he; "are ye woid or not? The idea av yez assaulting Mr. Maloney?"

"Lave me go!" cried Mr. McMud, struggling.

"I will not!"

"Ye will! I want to kill him!"

"Who?"

"Maloney."

"Why?"

"He's a spy. Lave me at him!"

Even as the words came from Mr. McMud's lips, he broke away from the major's clutch and made a rush for Maloney.

As luck would have it, Grady bobbed up most unexpectedly and caught the blow which was meant for Maloney.

It knocked him down and gave the Old Boy a chance to arise.

By this time the stage was a scene of pandemonium.

All of the audience who could had climbed upon the boards, and were inquiring the cause of the uproar.

"What is it?"

"What's the matter!"

"Who started the row?"

"Where's the man who hit Maloney?"

"Why did he do it?"

Such were the cries that were at first heard.

But as the crowd increased upon the stage and the tumult increased, other and more belligerent exclamations of a personal nature rang out:

"Get off av me fate!"

"Stop pushing me!"

"Take yez elbow from off av me soid or I'll slaughter ye!"

"Who hit me hat?"

"Were it ye that was blackguard enough to stole me handkerchief?"

"Where's the sucker that spit on me hands?"

"Kape out av me way or I'll give ye a belt in the ear."

"Ye will, hoy? Bether thry it if ye want me to put ye to slape!"

Naturally, such remarks, articulated amongst our hot-blooded Celtic citizens, could lead to but one result.

That was a free fight.

And it came.

It seemed as if every man was a Cain, with his hand turned toward his brother.

And to add to the general comfort somebody turned out the lights.

How Maloney got out of the scuffle, he cannot tell to this day.

He has a sort of confused idea, that after being hit, and kicked and walked upon by every person in the hall, he was finally pitched out of a second story window.

Anyway, Tom Ready and Bob Morris found him lying outside of the hall; lying upon the ground, having the general appearance of a man who had just issued from out of a boiler explosion.

Tom shook him.

Tom felt a qualm of remorse, too, as he did so, for he had not thought that his joke would result in any such severe physical punishment to his adopted father.

"Golly, Bob," said he, "it's lucky that we've got the old duke."

"It is," said Bob; "he seems pretty well broken up."

"Broken up!" echoed Tom; "he's fairly pulverized. How do you feel pop?"

Maloney groaned.

"Who is it spakes?" asked he.

"Me—Tom!"

"Tom Ready?"

"Yes. How do you feel?"

Maloney spoke as sarcastically as he was able.

"Loike a two year-old," faintly he murmured. "I could lead a quadrille in a stolie that wud bhring tears to all eyes. Is there a hearse at hand?"

"What do you want of a hearse?" asked Bob.

"To get into it."

"What for?"

"I desoire to be dhrove."

"Where?"

"To the grave-yard. I moight as well be dumped into a grave at wanst. It will save the expinsis av a funeral."

"Nonsense!" said Tom; "you ain't dead yet, old sod. Here comes a carriage. Hail it, Bob."

Bob did.

The carriage stopped.

"Got a fare?" queried Bob of the driver.

"No," came the reply; "I'm going home."

"Don't. Take us out to Dr. Pepper's school."

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Horses are all tuckered out."

"Guess that they can take us to the school. It is worth five dollars."

That settled it.

For that sum the driver would have carried them to the school if he had been forced to pull the vehicle himself.

"Get in," said he. "Lift the lush carefully," alluding to Maloney.

Maloney heard the remark.

"If ye say that I am a lush ye are a liar!" declared he; "and wur it not that I am all broken up, I wud use ye as a foot-ball."

"That will do," said Tom. "You're a hog."

"Why?"

"Ain't you got enough of fight for one night?"

"I can foight till I die," declared Maloney.

"I—"

Bob and Tom and the driver shut up farther remarks by shoving the Old Boy into the coach, and he was whirled away to Laurel Hall.

* * *

Kind readers, our tale is nearly ended.

The last experience settled Maloney's craze for education.

As soon as he was able he left the school.

"Be heavens! I have been there for seven wakes, and wid what result?" he was heard to say. "I make me mark worse thin I did before I inthered in."

Now he is residing in cozy bachelor apartments upon Murray Hill, and with him is Tom Ready, who, when the Old Boy falls off of the shelf, will doubtless be the heir to all his wealth.

Dr. Pepper's school still flourishes.

So does Bob Morris.

Also Herr Franx, Mr. Castor and Mr. Smith.

As for Temperance Honesty and Hannah, they are married, but they still continue to do the domestic duties of the doctor's household.

The Dynamite Defenders, after reflection, came to the conclusion, from investigations made by them, that they had been sold in regard to Maloney.

Several days later they proceeded to the Hall to apologize to Maloney, and kill Tom Ready if possible.

Too late.

The birds had flown.

And ruefully Major O'Keefe, Mr. McMud, and the others returned to Grady's to drown their disappointment in liquid consolation.

[THE END.]

Read "BILLY MOSS; OR, FROM ONE THING TO ANOTHER," by Tom Teaser, which will be the next number (64) of "Snaps."

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